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TEMPERANCE MELODY.

THE BOOK
OF
TEMPERANCE MELODY.

ADAPTED AND ARRANGED TO POPULAR AIRS.

BY

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE AGE AND ITS ARCHITECTS,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.



SECOND EDITION, WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONS.

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PROLOGUE OF QUOTATIONS.

"Song has a mighty control over every movement of the human heart; wherefore I recommend it to every man duly to love, know, and esteem this precious, useful, and cheering gift of God, the knowledge and diligent use of which will at all times drive off evil thoughts, or diminish the effects of evil society and views. It is necessary this art be taught in schools; a school-master must be able to sing, or else I will not look upon him."—LUTHER.

"Nor martyr flames, nor truncheon swords,
Can do away that ancient tie;
A gentler death shall falsehood die—
Shot through and through with cunning words."

TENNYSON.

"The godlike is ever brought out, now in this dialect, now in that, with various degrees of clearness. All true gifted singers are consciously or unconsciously doing so. . . . For all true singing is of the nature of worship, as indeed all true working may be said to be, whereof even singing is but the record and fit melodious representation to us."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

"The aim of music is to awaken feeling. No other art so reveals the sublime emotions of the human soul—no art so depletes the glories of nature, the delights of contemplation, the character of nations, the whirl of passion, and the cry of suffering. Hope, fear, regret, despair, devotion, enthusiasm, faith, doubt, glory, peace—all these, and more, music gives us, and takes away from us again, according to its genius and our own capacity."—GEORGE SAND.

"The efforts to diminish drunkenness, the earnestness with which men inquire how crime can be prevented, poverty abolished, and that meanness of abominations, slavery, swept from the face of a loathing earth,—all these and kindred reforms have a more intimate connection with the tendency to perfection in manufactures and arts than appears on the surface; for these are always forms of the ideas of an age. The world has not yet seen such architecture, or heard such music as it will hear, when brute force yields to moral influence, and the brotherhood of man is universally acknowledged. . . . Utter what God giveth thee to say in word and act; sing thou of united truth and love; another voice shall take up the strain over the water, soon it will become a world concert; and Thou above there in that realm of light and love, well pleased will hear thy early song in earth's sweet vibration to the harp of heaven."—MRS. L. M. CHILD.

PLEA FOR MUSIC AND SONG,

AS AUXILIARIES TO THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

It is King Alfred who relates to us the following beautiful anecdote of Aldhelm the abbot of Malmsburg:—Aldhelm had observed with pain that the peasantry were become negligent in their religious duties, and that no sooner was the church service ended than they hastened away to their labours; with difficulty could they be got to attend to the instructions of the preacher. He watched his opportunity, stationed himself, in the character of a minstrel, on the bridge over which the people had to pass, and soon collected a crowd of hearers by the beauty of his verse; when he had found he had gained possession of their attention, he introduced words of a more serious nature, till at length he succeeded in impressing on their minds a true feeling of religious devotion.* What good old Aldhelm did to convert the ancient Saxons to Christianity, might not the temperance reformers do to convert the modern Saxons from intemperance? All men, in every age, have felt the power of song, and have loved it in their hearts; something of the spirit of music has pervaded all communities—tyranny and liberty; the most gross licentiousness,

Wright's *Biographica Literaria*, quoted in Knight's *Old England*.

the most elevated spiritualism ; warriors and reformers ; savages in the lone island surrounded by the rude forms of barbarism, polite nations attended by the graces of civilization—all have confessed the power of song. The grove has been made vocal with the piping sounds of shepherdess and swain ; the woodland and farm-yard have echoed back the joyful sounds of harvest-home ; the camp has rolled back the blustering notes of the soldier ; the hall of freedom the shouts of the spirits of liberty ; tyrants have sung to enslave ; patriots to animate to courage and to virtue ; mothers to rock their children to repose ; Christians to kindle dying devotion—all these, and the angels of light, “the spirits of just men made perfect,” sing. A passion so universal may surely be made an auxiliary for advancement and progression. Why should not the Temperance reformers sing ? Why ?

Set that idea to music ;—no idea has fairly impressed the heart of the world until it is set to music. How triumphantly a thought moves on when it is chanted through the land ; much of the world’s woe is the result of song ; the wars of England were inflamed by the high and turbulent waves of popular song ; Charles Dibdin and Thomas Campbell both received government pay for inflaming the passions of the people by the wild and lurid flashes of their genius. For ages the bottle has been surrounded with a false halo of fictitious and degenerating song, and with the idea of that bottle have been associated some of the most stirring sounds that ever struck upon the heart. How great the genius, and how e folly ! Let the Temperance idea then be set

to music; sing it into the heart of the world. The music of the Temperance thought has never yet been drawn out. There is music in it. There is music in every truth;—it is by the music of the Temperance movement that it will immediately triumph. Let us create a moral song. Let the blacksmith sing it at his forge; the stoker sing it on his railway engine; the waterman in his boat; the carpenter at his bench; the shoemaker on his stool; and the tailor on his board. Let the schoolmaster teach his children this song; let the mother rock her child to sleep with it;—this let them sing at the festive club and social meeting; let moral reformers dismiss all mere fastidiousness; let them meet the people as they are; let them remember that our success in saving depends upon our power to meet the sympathies and tastes of those we would save. Song is an universal taste—through it let us make our theme one of universal sympathy.

Yet let me not be misunderstood. When I speak of temperance reformers singing, I would not convey the idea that they should sing the light and meaningless strains of other times; but why not a national temperance music and melody consecrated to the movement? A music that should glide into the hearts of the people, moulding this and the coming times by its influence. Music is the echo of our common nature. A man never speaks so plainly as when he sings; and because I have had faith in song as a branch of music, I have, in my progress as a temperance advocate, sung to the thousands who only came to hear me talk, until, in

my vanity, I thought myself a very Aldhelm in the temperance ranks; and I have had the satisfaction (one amongst the most delightful I have ever known) of hearing hundreds and thousands of the brave voices of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Wales, roll back the chorus of the melody, until I knew that it was impossible but its impression must be fastened on the heart of the singers and the auditors. I love those songs whose chorus is a moral principle or a moral experience, a word or two that may sound as a watchword to truth, to freedom, to virtue. And should not the temperance movement lay hold upon every influence by which it may enter the human mind, and perpetuate itself upon that mind; there surely is a high philosophy in the saying of Montaigne, that "we must destroy custom by custom." Dialectic reasoning may be unappreciable by the many; an appeal to facts and statistics even may be disregarded, except by some few calculating spirits; deductions from the high and general principles of our nature may be quite unfelt and untelling; but song! celestial song! spiritual song! may penetrate all, pervade all, teach all. Song will touch the heart of infancy, while it looks up in its mother's face and smiles with delight; and impress childhood, while its footstep echoes through the schoolroom to the sound of the tune; will cheer youth and manhood, while their full bass notes roll forth the stanzas; will ripple sweetly from the lips of cottage girls, while handling their mop, or bending over the needle; will make the old man's eyes glisten, while he keeps time to your voice with his stick. Your

lecturer is sometimes thought a pedantic dry discussionist, and some care very little about him ; but your songster always makes his way—doors barred to every one else, fly open to him—willingly they gather round the kitchen ingle, and stir up the fire-light to hear *him* sing of temperance, who would be loth to hear him speak of it ; the drawing-room and the parlour open most courteously, and hearts frozen to temperance principles before, melt right gladly beneath the influence of a song. Sometimes while speaking in the open air, I have been assailed by the unkind and ungenerous—often amidst the mountains and villages of Wales, sometimes in the market-places of England—the best riot act I could read any day to quell the disturbance was a temperance *melody*.

Surely, surely we have undervalued the power of melody. Some have supposed it could only be the associate of low and bad influences ; and some again have thought that the genuine spirit of song could only be found in company with the wine-glass ; how strange, when the purest, the noblest, the most inspiring song must always be that which flashes fresh from a pure heart, uncorrupted, uncontaminated by the trammellings of custom or conventionalism. Why, 'tis paying but a poor compliment to many a man's heart, and to many a poet's inspiration, to say that he only feels the most keenly, that his imagination revels and luxuriates the most freely, whose blood is fired by the spirit of wine. Call ye that poetry ? Call ye that nature ? Call ye that the sense of beauty ? Pshaw ! Non-sense ! This may be the inspiration of those who are

hungry, and must write their ten or twenty folios or pages before they can dine; he who is "ready to perish" may stimulate his flagging powers to recall his erring genius to the mark, and write his drunken ditties by the light of the fire waters; but we will never call that man a child of nature, a poet—oh, not so, not so with the pure-minded sons of song. For the true lyrists of our race there are excitements more noble and more holy. What, if I would sing the joys of social life, of friendship, fraternity, and love; if I would make my verse image the sweetness of home, and the darling endearments of my little parlour, where the beloved books, and the beloved creations of the mind, and the beloved of my heart are—must I drink to give sweetness to the line, and tenderness to the imagination? If I would frame some glorious lyrics that should stamp on paper the impressions I have derived from this most glorious world; if I would print the dazzling feeling with which I have trodden the rejoicing field, the echoing cavern, and the lofty hill, must I drink to throw a richer lustre round the constellations studding the firmament—to hang the world with scenery more entrancing, or to light up the sward with sweeter flowers? And if I would utter an invocation to coming time—an invocation that should peal the knell of tyranny—if I would descend into the depths of my own immortal nature, and explore the mysteries of conscience, law, order, independence, and liberty—if I should desire to breathe forth thoughts that should burn away the last traces of serfdom, and be
 'chword to high and noble spirits—must I drink

that my conceptions of the noble, the moral, the great may be more lofty—that my spirit may move with more philosophic calmness, or more dazzling purity, or that a higher benevolence may be imparted to my nature? Whence, then, the nonsense which some men, even who are accustomed to think rightly, utter, when they talk of the necessity of wine to inspire the lyrist and the poet? Let the lyrists of this country abjure the glass, and consult a loftier inspiration. What! is the poet like the Pythoness of old, and must he, like her,

“ Stand on a tripod,
Agonized and full of inspiration ”?

Why, what bard, after the high themes of religion had kindled his mind, would seek a loftier inspiration than that afforded by the temperance movement? Is there no inspiration in beholding a house rising from its ashes—the fire rekindled on the restored hearthstone—young children budding forth from a wasted existence—women forgetting to weep—fine intelligence emerging from the ruins of its fall—humanity kindling with conscious pride at a nature restored—moral power doing battle with a thousand bad passions, and obtaining a final and glorious conquest? The social affections, the mind, the religious sentiment, do all lend an inspiration to the temperance cause. What, then, prevents the exercise of the highest powers of song on this theme? Here the poet may expand his passion—here the musician may exhaust his notes of beauty.

I must admit that there are objections to the introduction of song into the temperance movement. With the

most respectful deference to the friends of the cause who do not like this feature, I must say that I have never heard one objection that weighed with me a moment. Some disapprove of music and song altogether; but they must admit that the great bulk of the inhabitants of this globe sing; and if they will sing, 'tis better they should sing in behalf of virtue and purity, than against it. Some disapprove of singing song tunes. Why, what's in a tune? Call it a psalm tune, or hymn tune, or song tune, the sound is the same. A tune can never long consecrate words—words must consecrate the tune. It matters not at all what the tune is, no man can convict *it* of immorality;—an immoral quaver, crotchet, minim, or semibreve would be a strange responsible moral agent; adopt words, and then morality or immorality begins. The propriety of certain words to a certain tune is another affair—is indeed a matter for a refined taste to exert itself upon. This should be enough, and, I hope, more than enough, to satisfy some religious friends, who forget how many tunes sung to sacred words in our cathedrals and chapels were originally set to profane and indelicate words.

Music is the subduing power; it has been fabled to transform beasts into men, and to melt the stubborn and savage rocks. I have already said there are some minds to which music is the only accessible power. Speech, whether as argument, oratory, or poetry, fails; but music enters the mind and leads it captive; and it will not be denied that those minds which yield most pliantly to the charm of song are amongst the most refined. It is surely

wise, then, in moral reformers to adopt a means that cannot fail to soften the heart, to elevate the feelings, and to chasten and civilize the manners; and the people will sympathize with all who attempt this elevation of the national heart by means of the national song. Have the "Gambler's Wife," the "Dream of the Reveller," or "The Good Times Coming," diminished the fame of Henry Russell? How triumphant was the progress of the Hutchinson Family during the brief period of their sojourn among us! The world has arrived at the period of its manhood, and it demands manly song. Do we not all know that the innocent enjoyment of a violin, or flute, or harp, will greatly tend to lessen the taste for brutalizing vices and merely sensual pleasures? There is in them something soothing to the imagination and grateful to the taste. Yet, again, let me say that all this should keep company with manly sentiment, worthy the immortal mind and destiny of man. We want not airs formed to melt through the grottoes of Calypso, or the woods and groves of Arcadia—we want not false meretricious and sickly madrigals; I am not desirous of transporting my readers back to the solitudes where shepherds danced to the sound of the pipe beneath the lustre of the moon; nor to those Highland meetings where the wild pibroch of the mountains kindled the hearts of old warriors; nor to the savage sensualism of Runic songs; nor to the Anacreontic mirth. No! my brothers, no! Again I say, as we have reached a noble period of the world's history, so a noble occasion demands a noble song. Sir John Barrow tells us in his

voyage to Cochin China, that as he ascended Mount Teneriffe the grandeur of the impressive scenery was aided by a storm ; and, during the intervals of the tempest, the breaks and pauses of the thunder, the sounds of the voices of the muleteers and guides were heard singing, in full chorus the midnight hymn to the Virgin: **NIGHT ! TEMPEST ! and DARK MOUNTAINS !** Brave indeed are those spirits to whom such scenery only gives the inspiration of animating melody. Yet, so should we sing—children of progression ! Believers in humanity ! Heralds ! Guides ! Prophets of a coming time ! Heavily looms the mount above us, dismally and drearily lie the crags around, and the growling of the tempest might intimidate some minds, but to firm and faithful and cheerful hearts, they will only be the occasions of a nobler confidence and loftier exultation. Lovers of nature well know how sweetly rise the magic notes of a flute above the surge and swell of the sea waves as they rush along the shore in the depth of night ; and sweetly, sweetly, in a world, where turbid passions contend for mastery, will rise the notes of those songs whose echoes will be given by coming generations, while they invoke the present to **FAITH, to HOPE, to ENERGY, and to VIRTUE.**

And now nothing remains to be said but that I publish this second collected edition of *Melodies* by earnest request poured upon me by hundreds of friends. It is to me a circumstance fraught with deepest pleasure to believe that several of them have been, what all Music should be, a "*consuelo*," a frequent solace and consolation ; that others have called apathetic souls to consciousness

and conviction, and induced to action. I rejoice to acknowledge that in catering for this department of temperance effort I do not now, as I did at the first, labour alone; I especially recommend to all my friends "Hamilton's Temperance Music Book;" it has the three-fold recommendation of beauty in appearance, cheapness in price, and excellence in sentiment. I must say, however, a use has frequently been made of my volume, by some parties evidently more greedy than godly, wholly unjustifiable; whole impressions of the book have been struck off; selections made and sold without a word of request. I have now lying before me several printed editions. I have only to say to my friends who have done this, that they certainly are not moral reformers. I must further beg that where the songs are selected the friends will kindly take them as they stand, and not kill them with the kindness of their critical correction. "We'll Win the Day," and "Love shall be the Conqueror," and half-a-dozen others have so changed faces that the father does not know his own children.

To my very kind friends who have lent me their aid, Mr. Thomas Harrison and Mr. William Best of Liverpool, also to Mr. W. F. Wodson of Newcastle, and Mr. Burnet of Lynn, and to other friends, I must thus publicly return my thanks, and hope they will live long, usefully, and happily in the profession and practice of principles they have so beautifully sung.

THE PATRIOT SPIRIT.

E. P. H.

AIR—"*I'd be a Butterfly.*"

Blest be the cause that in patriot glory
Brighten'd the world with a vision of love,
Oh for the pen that shall mention the story,
Oh for the garland which temperance hath wove !
Long have our fathers been doom'd to inherit
The curse of the bondsman o'er land and o'er sea ;
Blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snap all our fetters, and bade us be free.

Children no longer shrink back from their father,
Lo ! how their cheeks with the bright roses bloom ;
Husbands and wives all earth's wild roses gather,
" And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb" !
Thus then combining, beauty entwining,
Far round the world in its glory we see ;
Blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snap all our fetters and bade us go free.

Say, shall we offer our praise to the warrior ?
Lo ! how his laurels are dripping with gore :
Say, shall we offer our praise to the merchant,
Where gold fills his coffers with riches in store ?
These will not save us, these will not bless us,
Great though their triumphs by land and by sea ;
Blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snap all our fetters and bade us be free.

Twine then the myrtle, the holly, the laurel,
Raise high the shout on the festival day ;
The tempest is over, the storm, and the battle,
And far o'er the mountains behold the glad ray ;
Onwards again on the glad path of duty,
Onwards a joy and a blessing to be ;
And blest be the spirit, the patriot spirit,
That snap all our fetters and bade us be free.

MY OWN DEAR HOME.

BY E. P. H.

AIR—" *My own Blue Bell.*"

My own dear home, my own bright home,
 What visions of loveliness round it roam,
 There they stray, through the long, long day,
 And chase the dark shades of the night away;
 The Monarch may boast of his marble and gold,
 And luxuries splendid around him roll'd,
 I care not for them, for where'er I roam
 I live in the light of my own dear home:
 My own dear home, my own bright home, &c.

The time was once that I used to roam
 Away from the joys of my own dear home,
 But now by the light of my own fireside,
 In gladness and peace do the bright hours glide;
 And now as the shadows steal o'er my cot,
 I pine not nor murmur, but bless my lot,
 And the praises circle around its dome,
 For the calm bright light of my own sweet home;
 My own dear home, my own sweet home, &c.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *The Old Arm Chair.*"

I love it! I love it! my own fireside,
 What place to me hath such charms beside?
 The land of promise, the shrine of Love,
 A type on earth of my home above;
 Oh dear to me is its lovely ray
 At the close of a long and a weary day;
 What matter to me how the world may glide,
 'till it leave me the light of my own fireside.

I left it, and many a long sad day
 I wandered a long and a weary way,
 Hope had vanished, joys were gone,
 Friends, they had left me one by one ;
 Sometimes a tear from the fount would start,
 And ooze from the depths of a breaking heart ;
 I left it, the home of my peace and pride,
 And wandered away from my own fireside.

But now I love it, my own fireside ;
 What place to me hath such charms beside ?
 Home of the happy ! all joy is there ;—
 Let the world rave loud with grief or care ;
 Oh not in the tap-room's murky gleam
 Is the beauteous light of its beaming seen ;
 For she sits there, its joy and its pride,
 My wife, by the glow of my own fireside.

And years may glide in their haste away,
 My cheeks be wrinkled, my locks be grey,—
 Children may run o'er the old brick floor,
 Or pass from the eaves of the old oak door,—
 But we shall not forget while life shall last
 The spot where our happiest hours were past ;
 And Death when he comes with the conqueror's stride,
 Shall find our hearts by our own fireside.

WE'LL WIN THE DAY.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *O'er the Green Sea.*"

As on we pass through devious way,
 While round our path the fierce winds play ;
 To nerve our arm, to cheer our way,
 We blithely sing this roundelay :
 We'll win the day !
 We'll win the day !
 Then on we'll go right merrily, merrily.

When public houses rear on high
 Their heads against a smiling sky,
 We'll heed them not—but still we'll say,
 Forward! my lads, we'll win the day!

We'll win the day!

When drunkards reeling through the street,
 In all their sin we sadly meet;
 We'll kindly speak, we'll deeply pray,
 And shout in their ears, we'll win the day!

We'll win the day!

If cowards should refuse to raise
 Their hand or voice to give us praise,
 We will not heed their reckless way,
 But forward rush to win the day.

We'll win the day!

Or should they give a worthless name,
 And break away to bring us shame,
 We'll call them back their part to play;
 But whether or no we'll win the day.

We'll win the day!

The sailor on the ocean foam,
 Far from friends, away from home,
 Shall lend a hand our foe to slay,
 And join with us to win the day.

We'll win the day!

Thus on we pass a world to move
 By cries, entreaties, tears, and love,
 And come what may to stop our way,
 We'll win! we'll win! we'll win the day!

We'll win the day!

We'll win the day!

On we'll go right merrily, merrily.

THE ABSTAINER'S RESOLVE.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *The Dying Soldier.*"

We bless the happy day when first
 We promised to abstain,
 And in the joys of temperance blest,
 We'll never drink again ;
 We're marching through the fields of strife,
 To give the dying drunkards life,
 And then we will in glory reign,
 And never drink again.

Debased by guilt, by folly stain'd,
 Our spirits vainly strove,
 There was no glory in our homes,
 And in our hearts no love ;
 But now reformed by grace divine,
 'Mongst the reclaim'd behold us shine,
 And shall we dare again the stain ?
 No, we'll never drink again.

The beauty of God's lovely earth
 Our happy spirits know,
 The light from God's best lamp put forth,
 To rescue us from woe ;
 And shall we stoop again to shame,
 And barter hope, and joy, and fame ?
 No ! here at once we bind the vow,
 We'll never drink again.

O come, dear brethren, come to bless,
 The arm so strong to save,
 It snatch'd us from the deadly curse,
 The drunkard's fearful grave ;
 And now by every hope of peace,
 We doom the drunkard's drink to cease,
 And here we raise the glorious strain,
 We'll never drink again.

THE TEETOTAL SHIP.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *Hearts of Oak.*"

Our ship is afloat, on the broad flowing wave,
 And her proud pennant streams o'er the faithful and brave;
 Our captain is Truth, and while manned by the free,
 What crew, nay! what men are so happy as we?

Teetotal's our ship, Teetotallers our men;
 Steady, boys, steady, and always be ready,
 To rescue poor drunkards again and again.

To the ends of the earth, then, our vessel shall go,
 With light at her keel and goodwill at her prow:
 Her foes shall retire, as they see how she flies,
 Like a bird when it spreadeth its wings to the skies.
 Teetotal's our ship, &c.

They told us that soon, when the battle came on,
 Her colours she'd strike, and her courage be gone;
 They knew not how proudly the war flag she'd rear,
 Nor a bosom on board her indulge in a fear.
 Teetotal's our ship, &c.

They talked of their *grape* shot, so direful and dread,
 It would rake fore and aft with hot shot, so they said;
 But the old pirate hulk made her boastings in vain,
 We fought them before, and we'll fight them again.
 Teetotal's our ship, &c.

Though the tempest roars loud as she floats on her way,
 She breasts the dread billows, though fiercely they play;
 And proudly she rides o'er the wild foaming wave,
 To scare the destroyer, the helpless to save.
 Teetotal's our ship, &c.

Come on board her to-night, there is plenty of room,
 Lo, the pledge-book is hoisted a light at her boom;
 The breezes of heaven, how softly they play,
 And the cheers of the brave speed our ship on her way.
 Teetotal's our ship, &c.

THE TEMPERANCE STAR.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *Poor Mary Ann.*"

Shine thou forth in matchless glory,
 Bright Temperance Star ;
 O'er corruptions old and hoary,
 Bright Temperance Star.
 Shed abroad the rays of gladness,
 O'er the haunts of woe or sadness,
 Banish death, disease, and madness,
 Bright Temperance Star.

Shine upon the captive's prison,
 Bright Temperance Star ;
 Tell him of the power new risen,
 Bright Temperance Star.
 And the realms that sit in sorrow,
 From thy rays a charm shall borrow,
 Telling of a glorious morrow,
 Bright Temperance Star.

Shine upon the cleaving billow,
 Bright Temperance Star ;
 O'er the sailor's lonely pillow,
 Bright Temperance Star ;
 Brighten every distant nation,
 Banish care and tribulation,
 Preach the tidings of salvation,
 Bright Temperance Star.

And the mists that hover o'er thee,
 Bright Temperance Star ;
 Trembling, soon, shall fly before thee,
 Bright Temperance Star ;
 Hail ! all hail ! thy lustre flowing,
 From the founts of glory glowing,
 Life, and health, and beauty showing,
 Bright Temperance Star.

"FOR ALL THAT AND ALL THAT."

E. P. H.

AIR—"For all that and all that."

"What though on homely fare we dine,"
And sorely work and all that;
Give fools their beer, give knaves their wine,
We're happier still for all that.

For all that and all that,
Their whisky, ale, and all that;
With sense and reason in our soul,
We're happier still for all that.

Your beer may make a coward talk,
A sad man sing and all that;
But a happy heart's above its mark,
It never can perform that.

For all that and all that, &c.

What makes the great folk talk so loud,
About our vice and all that?
What crushes us beneath the crowd
With taxes, rates, and all that?

For all that and all that, &c.

See yonder poor degraded sot,
In rags and filth and all that;
Who talks of statesmen, lords, and kings,
Reform and trade,—and all that.

For all that and all that,
His whisky, &c.

Let tyrants try what laws they please,
To bind our hands and all that;
Give us clear heads and honest hearts,
We'll master them for all that.

For all that and all that, &c.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for all that ;
 That ale and beer from all the earth
 Shall banish'd be for all that.

For all that and all that,
 It's coming yet for all that,
 When every man that treads the earth
 Shall sober be and all that.

THE DRUNKARD'S END.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *She wore a wreath of Roses.*"

I saw him in his youthful days, methinks I see him now,
 When health spread out its radiant glow upon his lofty
 brow ;

Hisspirit moved in lightness, his heart untouched by care,
 And love had shed its brightest flowers, and carved its
 image there.

I saw him in his youthful days, methinks I see him now,
 When health spread out its radiant glow upon his lofty
 brow.

And years pass'd on, I saw that brow, disease and death
 were there,

The deep-carved wrinkles on his face were sculptured
 by despair ;

Beneath his feet the broken hearts, his dread unkindness
 made—

His father, mother, sister, wife, within the churchyard laid.

I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now,
 With death and desolation stamped upon his drunkard's
 brow.

And once again I saw that brow, in dread repose it lay,
 Within a coffin's solemn niche, returning quick to clay ;
 In solitude the body lay upon its gloomy bier,
 And Death had done his work without the mockery of
 a tear ;

I saw it but a moment, yet methinks I see it now,
 With Heaven's most direful curse enstamped upon its
 marble brow.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *The Troubadour.*"

Softly the drunkard's wife breatheth her prayer,
 Sadly her bosom heaves wild with despair;
 Saying, for thee I pine, mourning alone,
 Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home.

He, with the revellers merrily sung,
 Wildly he raised his voice madly in song:
 She in a mourning voice blended her tone,
 Wanderer, wanderer, come to thy home.

Hark! 'tis her husband's voice rings in her ear,
 See how her up-turned eye melts with the tear;
 Wife of my bosom, see! I am come!
 Come, like a wanderer, back to my home.

Brightly the drunkard's home shines in the ray,
 Sweetly the drunkard's wife smileth to-day;
 Drunkard no longer, her husband is come,
 Happiness, happiness brighten's their home!

THE DANGER OF MODERATION.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *Off, said the Stranger.*"

Fly from the danger, it tempts you to stay,
 But it lures you to ruin to lead you astray;
 Like a shoal on the coast, or a rock 'neath the wave,
 Unseen, 'twill destroy you, and doom to the grave.
 Fly from the danger, it tempts you to stay,
 But it lures you to ruin to lead you astray.

O youth, with thy passions all noble and warm,
 And the fresh flush of life flowing free through thy form;
 The wine and the bowl will but poison thy frame,
 And clothe thee with horror and crown thee with shame.
 Fly from the danger, it tempts you to stay,
 Lures you to ruin to lead you astray.

Oh, linger not near it, its breath can decoy,
 Like the lightning it glances and gleams to destroy ;
 Like the lightning its flash may destroy in an hour,
 The man who dwelt near it to challenge its power.
 Fly from the danger ; oh, hasten away,
 Though a thousand fair faces should bid you to stay.

Like Lot, when he fled from the city of old,
 Where the fire shower of ruin its tempest had roll'd,
 So we have come forth from a city of flame,
 Whose streets were polluted with sorrow and shame ;
 We have flown from the danger, come wanderer away,
 For ruin alights on the spirits who stay.
 Fly from the danger, oh ! hasten away,
 Though a thousand fair faces should bid you to stay.

THE DRUNKARD IS FREE.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *I'm afloat ! I'm afloat !*"

I'm at home ! I'm at home ! in my peace and my
 pride,
 My wife and my child smile in joy by my side,
 From the haunts of the vicious where e'er they may be,
 I have burst in my strength, and the drunkard is free.
 No monarch extended his sceptre to save,
 No actions of law snatch'd me forth from the grave ;
 And ne'er shall blush I for the glorious hour,
 While the pen boasts its strength or the pledge boasts
 its power.

Come ! come ! rally round us, the flag is unfurl'd
 And it floats forth in beauty the pride of the world ;
 Quick, quick, spread the sound o'er the land o'er the
 sea,
 Joy, joy to the world, for the drunkard is free.

Away, then, away from the charms of the bowl,
 From the fires that have withered the light of the soul.
 'Tis here, friends, 'tis here, in the region of peace,
 True pleasures are found, and our miseries cease :
 We seek not the fevers that flash o'er the brain,
 We seek not the pleasures that lead but to pain.
 Here, here, do we seek true emotion to find,
 And Peace spreads her charm o'er the heart and the
 mind.

Come ! come ! rally round us, the flag is unfurl'd,
 And it floats forth in beauty the pride of the world :
 Quick, quick, spread the sound o'er the land o'er the
 sea,
 Joy, joy to the world, for the drunkard is free.

THE DAYS WE WENT TO SIGN THE PLEDGE.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *The Days we went a Gypsying.*"

In the days we went to sign the pledge,
 A long time ago,
 The speakers on the platform
 Were seated in a row ;
 And drunkard's told their horrid tales
 Of wretchedness and woe,
 In the days we went to sign the pledge,
 A long time ago.

The thoughts of long past hapless years
 Were present to our mind !
 Nor peace, nor hope, nor happiness,
 We anywhere could find ;
 When lo ! the temperance star appeared,
 With glory on its brow ;
 In the days we went to sign the pledge,
 A long time ago.

And now we love the social cheer
 Of the bright winter eve ;
 We have no cause for sigh or tear,
 We have no cause to grieve.
 Our wives are clad, our children fed,
 We boast where'er we go,
 'Twas all because we signed the pledge,
 A long time ago.

And England long shall bless the time
 When our great cause arose,
 To crown her with its glorious light,
 And crush her daring foes.
 And may God bless the temperance cause
 Wherever it shall go,
 And keep us to the pledge we signed,
 A long time ago.

THE BONNY BREWER.

W. F. WODSON.

AIR—" *Green grow the Rashes O.*"

Sweet run the rivers O,
 Sweet run the rivers O ;
 The sweetest draughts that e'er we drink,
 Are drawn from the rivers O.

Through all the West who brews the best,
 In streams to flow for ever O ;
 'Tis nature brews, and we will choose,
 To tiple at the river O.

Sweet run the rivers O.

Through all the East she spreads the feast,
 So drink and we will love her O ;
 'Tis nature brews, and we will choose,
 To tiple at the river O.

Sweet run the rivers O.

Through all the South each graceful mouth
 Shall drink and bless the giver O ;
 'Tis nature brews, and we shall choose,
 To tipple at the river O.
 Sweet run the rivers O.

While through the North she sends it forth,
 Can we refuse ?—no never O ;
 'Tis nature brews, and we will choose,
 To tipple at the river O.
 Sweet run the rivers O.

All Points declare the Lovely Fair,
 Is honest as she's clever O ;
 Round, round then pass the honest glass,
 And tipple at the river O.
 Sweet run the rivers O.

He will deserve the useless nerve,
 And life shall soon be over O ;
 Who will forsake the Power that makes,
 The bright and noble river O.
 Sweet run the rivers O.

Then widely name the Bonny Dame,
 'Till all the world shall love her O ;
 And while she brews, we'll always choose,
 And tipple at the river O.
 Sweet run the rivers O.

THE SORROWFUL RIDE.

AIR—" *The Mistletoe Bough.*"

BY W. F. WODSON.

Young Robson rode forth on his dark bright grey,
 For his heart was light on that April day ;
 And many a wish to his welfare ran,
 was a brave and a kind young man :

He loved a warm friend in the fertile west,
 For love was the lord of his youthful breast;
 A long day of friendship that soon flew o'er,
 The friends had once pass'd and oft wish'd one more.
O, the sorrowful ride.

The joys to renew of that pleasing day,
 Young Robson rode forth on his bright dark grey,
 The bourn, as he crossed it was calm and bright,
 And he smiled on its breast, for his heart was light—
 They met,—and as if they could part no more;
 They met,—and the day went swiftly o'er;
 The glass was again on the board to swell
 The joys of the friends; and the evening fell.
O, the sorrowful ride.

But yet they must part, and the hour is nigh,
 They mark not, though death with his dart stands by;
 Once more then see him so light and so gay,
 Young Robson again on his dark bright grey;
 He rides to the bourn, but sees not his line,
 His senses are bound by the deep-red wine;
 Bewildered he falls, ere the stream be crost,
 He struggles a moment,—is lost,—is lost.
O, the sorrowful ride.

When the tale of death reached the fertile west,
 How wild were the pangs of his friend's warm breast;
 While he mourned the power of death's well drawn
 shaft,
 A victim he saw to the deep-red draught;
 And a pledge he gave in the world's gay face,
 Hence, none to his board should the wine-cup trace;
 Nor draught should be there with strength to bind,
 The heaven-like pleasures and powers of mind.
O, the sorrowful ride.

O, had it been given, ere that April day,
 Young Robson rode forth on his dark bright grey,
 He had,—while each wish to his welfare ran;—
 Had yet lived a brave and a kind young man.

But in the church-yard, by the lone old gate,
 Now many a sigh is heard for his fate;
 While a tablet each wanderer calls aside,
 And tells the tale of "The Sorrowful Ride."
O, the sorrowful ride.

SONG.

MINISTERIAL INFLUENCE.

W. F. WODSON.

AIR—"Rory O More."

Oh, these water-made people I pity them all,
 For Rechabite phizzes are white as the wall!
 The command to drink water they say is divine;
 But how can that be when the parson drinks wine?

Instead of being merry and cherry and strong,
 Like plaster-made men, see them creeping along,
 The poor silly people in nothing can shine
 For the parson to write a good sermon drinks wine.

The priest from his talking, or preaching, or books,
 Or may be he sees in Teetotaller's looks,
 That cigars are of God and the bottle divine,
 And grateful for all things, drinks deeply of wine.

Is the priest not instructed by God for our guide,
 In our prayers—at our table—and by the fireside:
 Tobacco's from God if cigars are divine,
 And there's no sin in ale if the parson drink wine.

Folk may say we are foolish, that wine is not ale,
 Yet we know a crow-bar from a tenpenny nail;
 The bar and the nail we know come from one mine,
 And if wine be of God, why then ale is divine.

If, to show what men should be, the parson be given
 A model by God to form mortals for Heaven,
 Then laugh, my boys laugh—let the white faces whine!
 A bottle's of heaven, the barrel's divine!

THE TEETOTALLER ABROAD.

W. F. WODSON.

AIR—"Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife."

A pale teetotalter once came down
 And abused with all his might, man,
 Fine old ale and Boniface Brown
 'Till the village was all in a fright, man ;
 He bawled about water an hour—good lack !
 So we bade him be off to the right, man,
 And said when we saw his long thin back
 We would drink his health at night, man.

But he came again, and he talked so long
 'Till we quarrelled with Boniface Brown, man,
 And we thought the ale was'nt quite so strong
 As it was when he first came down, man ;
 We thought his back not quite so thin,
 His face not quite so pale, man,
 And we said, if he passed, he might step in
 With his stories about old ale, man.

He talked so well when he next came down,
 In a speech so finely made, man,
 That we heartily wished each Boniface Brown
 Would turn to some other trade, man ;
 We plainly saw that fine spring water,
 As shewn in that long-drawn tale, man,
 Is very much finer and very much better,
 And cheaper than fine old ale, man.

Then we wondered why the facts so clear
 We ne'er had seen before, man ;
 But we just drank on from year to year,
 And thought of nought but the score, man.
 For now we see that many are dead
 Who might have been hearty and hale, man,
 If they had but listened to all he said
 In his lessons about old ale, man.

We times on times, ere he got free,
 Shook his hand with all our might, man,
 And we asked him to come to dinner and tea,
 And oblige us by staying all night, man:
 And we'll ask him to come to the village to stay,
 Amongst us his days to spend, man,
 And the village shall call him every day
 Its guide, and instructor, and friend, man.

THE WATER NYMPH.

W. F. WODSON.

AIR—" *The Campbell's are coming.*"

Though he come 'till he's tired, and woo on his knee,
 If he will not drink water he shall not have me ;
 Should he come not again I will not sit and cry,
 There'll be men who drink water for all bye and bye.

If all were like me we would show them the door,
 If they drink not the stream that is sparkling and pure ;
 We would give not a moment to tales they might tell,
 And not one should be wed 'till he drink from the well.
 Though he come 'till he's tired, &c.

I shall try to do right and leave all the rest,
 For two loves cannot live in the same little breast ;
 One love can but live in one heart—so then, see !
 If he love ale and whisky, how can he love me ?
 Though he come 'till he's tired, &c.

If he come I shall fill him a cup of the best
 From the stream as it runs, and his love I will test ;
 If he flinch from the draught, oh, it never can be,
 I must have his whole love, or he won't do for me.
 Though he come 'till he's tired, &c.

He may turn to the left, or pass on to the right,
 And may look for another, more fit, in his flight ;
 If he buy ale and whisky he cannot buy bread,
 So to live with a drunkard I soon should be dead.
 Though he come 'till he's tired, &c.

Now then these he must do, if I do what I ought,
 He must love me in word, and must love me in thought ;
 And thus life made by cold water power shall tell,
 For I've faith in the draughts that are ta'en from the well.
 Though he come 'till he's tired, &c.

LOVE SHALL BE THE CONQUEROR.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *Weel may the keel row.*"

As I awoke one morning,
 While yet the stars were burning,
 To my poor spirit yearning,
 I heard an angel sing—
 Love shall be the conqueror,
 Love shall be the conqueror,
 Love shall be the conqueror,
 And drive away the sin.

What though the world in slavery,
 Beneath the grasp of knavery,
 With these bold words of bravery,
 We'll make the whole world ring—
 Love shall be the conqueror.

A laugh may taunt the faithless,
 A storm may daunt the breathless,
 But we through all are scathless—
 And let them laugh who win ;
 Love shall be the conqueror.

By Faith, by Hope, by Patience,
 We'll spread the Truth of Temperance ;
 By Love, by Light, by Diligence,
 We'll usher virtue in ;
 And Love shall be the conqueror.

The drunkard's chain is broken,
 The word of peace is spoken,
 The pledge book is the token,
 That bright days shall begin,
 And Love shall be the conqueror.

And, hark ! the pealing chorus,
 Angels are hovering o'er us,
 The just men gone before us,
 We hear their spirits sing,
 Love shall be the conqueror.

Hurrah ! the day is dawning,
 The day star is returning :
 So downward thro' the morning
 We'll drive away the sin,
 And Love shall be the conqueror—
 Love shall be the conqueror,
 And drive away the sin.

WE'LL FREE THE SLAVE.

E. P. H.

AIR—"Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon."

How bright the sun of freedom burns :
 From mount to mount, from shore to shore,
 The slave departs, the man returns,
 The reign of force and fraud is o'er ;
 Tis Truth's own beam from sea to sea,
 From mount to mount, from vale to wave ;
 Her ministers this night are we
 To free, to free, to free the Slave.

We'll free the slave of every clime,
 Whate'er the chain that binds his soul ;
 We'll publish forth this truth sublime
 From farthest Indus to the Pole,
 That man, how proud soe'er he be,
 Is but a poor and paltry knave,
 Who joins not now with you and me
 To free, to free, to free the slave.

We'll free the slave, the poison'd bowl
 Hath fetter'd too low crime and care,
 We'll bid him burst its harsh control,
 And break its fetters of despair ;
 We'll free the slave of Mammon's power,
 And War's poor darling called the brave ;
 We'll free them all, yes, from this hour,
 We'll free ! we'll free ! we'll free the Slave !

Poor Drunkards, from their reckless glee
 Shall spring to freedom and to light,
 And what they shall be you may see ;
 Drunkards reclaimed are here to-night !
 And Christians from their sleep supine,
 And worldlings from their moral grave,
 And spirits of the blest shall join,
 To free, to free, to free the Slave !

You laugh ! but ah, you do not know
 How great a power the truth can wield,
 Thought always aims the surest blow,
 And wisdom is the safest shield.
 The spirits of six thousand years,
 Are round us, and they make us brave ;
 Come, brothers, quell ignoble fears,
 And free, and free, and free the Slave !

WE'LL DRIVE AWAY THE BOWL.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *We'll drown it in the Bowl.*"

"When glasses sparkle round the board,"
 And the bright wine shows its power,
 And wit in many a kindling word
 Beguiles the joyous hour,
 Oh, touch not thou the sparkling cup,
 'Tis poison to the soul ;
 In virtue's honest strength start up,
 And drive away the Bowl.
 And drive away the Bowl.

Though leagued with many an ancient lie
 That charmed cup be seen,
 By virtue's aid both you and I
 Will dim its dazzling sheen ;
 We'll set at nought its feeble strength,
 We'll burst its poor control,
 And earth shall join with us at length
 To drive away the Bowl.
 And drive away the Bowl.

And yet we never will forego
 True joys that bless the soul,
 Wit, love, and life around shall flow,
 And happiness shall roll ;
 We say with truth, yes bravely say,
 We'll burst a slave's control ;
 Care, sorrow, Sin—we'll drive away,
 We'll drive away the Bowl.

HOPE FOR THE INTEMPERATE.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *Oh, Pilot, 'tis a fearful night.*"

Oh, tell me not of Happiness—
 For me its smiles are o'er,
 My cup of sorrow now is full,
 I shall be glad no more ;
 I am a Drunkard, old and vile,
 And Hope I cannot see :

Chorus } Fear not, but sign the Temperance Pledge,
all voices. } And *thou* shalt happy be.

My wife sits weeping in that home,
 Whence every joy hath fled,
 I hear her mild rebuking tone,
 Oh, would that I were dead ;
 Ah, she has died a thousand deaths,
 And shed sad tears for me :

Chorus.] Fear not but sign the Temperance Pledge,
 And *she* shall happy be.

I've Children in their quiet grave
 Some staid behind to mourn ;
 I would that they were in the land
 Whence they could ne'er return ;
 For they will rise to curse my name,
 No light, no love to see :

rus.] Fear not but sign the Temperance Pledge,
 And *they* shall happy be.

I've lost my hope, I've lost my trust,
 I've broken every tie,
 And I must wander through the world,
 A living death to die ;
 My heart aches with a thousand pangs,
 Nought but despair I see :

Chorus.] Fear not but sign the Temperance Pledge,
 And thou shalt happy be.

We've trod through many a devious path
 Of sorrow, sin, and shame,
 But here beside the Temperance Pledge
 We first restored our name ;
 And brother, whosoe'er thou art,
 Stand fast and thou shalt see,
 That he who signs the Temperance Pledge
 May also happy be.

YOU'LL HAVE TO BE TEMPERATE TOO.

BY MRS. S. B. DANA.

AIR—" *The Bonnets of Blue.*"

Hark, and we'll sing you a Temperance Song,
 We'll sing you a Temperance Song ;
 And he who will sing it with all his heart too,
 Will find he is not in the wrong ;
 Tis good to be merry and wise,
 Tis good to be honest and true,
 But if you'd be so you must bear in mind,
 You'll have to be temperate too.

Drinking has ruin'd full many a soul,
 Has ruin'd full many a soul,
 And if you'd escape, take the warning in time,
 And touch not the horrible bowl ;
 Though everything now may be fair,
 And life may seem bright to your view,
 Oh, if you be sav'd from a drunkard's grave,
 You'll have to be temperate too.

Tell me no more of the pleasures of wine,
 No more of the pleasures of wine ;
 A poison is there, and 'twill soon lay you low,
 Tho' bright in the cup it may shine.
 Tho' now you may think it will be
 Quite easy to bid it adieu,
 You'll find before long, if you wish to be free,
 You'll have to be temperate too.

THE PLEDGE.

BY THOMAS HARRISON.

AIR—" *Brave Old Oak.*"

A song to the pledge—the conquering pledge,
 That is blessing the wide—wide world ;
 One voice let us raise, to its glory and praise,
 And to those who its banner unfurled.
 It is gentle and meek when it dryeth the cheek
 Of the wife and her babe forlorn ;
 And it sheweth its might when despair takes flight,
 As darkness before the morn.
 Then sing to the pledge—the conquering pledge—
 That triumphs by land and sea ;
 And still may it fight, for the good—for the right—
 'Till the world shall be bless'd and free.

It shall bring the times when the Sabbath chimes
 Shall fall sweetly on every ear ;
 And the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,
 Shall be filled with love sincere ;
 And night and day shall the old men pray
 That such blessings may aye remain ;
 And when they are dead—in the churchyard laid—
 Their sons shall the pledge maintain.
 Then sing to the pledge—the conquering pledge—
 That triumphs by land and sea ;
 And still may it fight, for the good—for the right—
 'Till the world shall be bless'd and free.

LIFT UP THE STANDARD.

BY THE REV. JOHN PIERPOINT.

AIR—" *Ye Mariners of England*."

Lift up, lift up the standard,
 And plant it near the well!
 And gathered underneath its folds
 A choral anthem swell!
 The anthem that is set in praise
 Of brooks and cisterns sing!
 Give one strain to the rain,
 Give another to the spring,
 Yea, give a chorus loud and long
 To aqueduct and spring.

Ye heroes of the bottle,
 Who "bumper" every toast,
 Who keep your wine in cobwebs wrapped,
 And make its age your hoast,
 The oldest wine your vaults have known
 From press or vat to flow,
 Is new to the dew
 That six thousand years ago,
 Came down to fill our cups one night,
 Six thousand years ago.

Then up the temperance standard!
 And plant it by the well,
 And shaded by its waving folds
 A choral anthem swell;
 The anthem that is set to chime,
 With babbling waters sing;
 Give one strain to the rain;
 Give another to the spring;
 Yea, give a chorus loud and long
 To aqueduct and spring!

D

THE BIRD'S SONG.

BY HODGES REED, ESQ.

AIR—"Pirates' Serenade."

I ask'd a sweet Robin one morning in May,
 Who sung in the apple tree over the way,
 What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about,
 For I'd tried a long time but I could not find out ;
 Why, I'm sure, she replied, you cannot guess wrong,
 Don't you know I am singing a Temperance song.

"Teetotal—O, that's the first word of my lay,
 And then dont you see how I rattle away,
 'Tis because I've just dipp'd my beak in the spring,
 And brushed the fair face of the Lark with my wing.
 COLD WATER, COLD WATER, yes, that is my song,
 And I love to keep singing it all the day long."

"And now my sweet Miss, won't you give me a crumb,
 For the dear little nestlings waiting at home ?
 And one thing beside ; since my story you've heard,
 I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird,
 And never forget, whilst you list to my song,
 All the birds to the COLD WATER ARMY belong."

THE TEMPERANCE MAN.

BY E. P. H.

AIR—"The Englishman."

Let Princes veil each haughty brow,
 The Warrior don his crest,
 I name a nobler hero now,
 Tho' starless be his breast.
 The soldier on his blazing shield
 May paint his dazzling fame,
 But I can point to a nobler field
 And name a nobler name ;
 'Tis a nobler *name*, deny it who can,
 That's borne by a faithful TEMPERANCE MAN.

There's a silken tie that sweetly binds
 Around the wayward soul,
 Yet holds ten thousand nobler minds
 Within its blest control.
 It brightens every nation's lot,
 In every land 'tis known,
 And as it owns the peasant's cot
 It props the Monarch's throne.
 'Tis a glorious *pledge*, deny it who can,
 That's borne by a faithful TEMPERANCE MAN.

There's a home, a gay and smiling home,
 Where all the virtues reign,
 Where love and peace, and goodness come
 To their own bright domain ;
 The heart that beats, the feet that tread
 That sweet domestic ground,
 Thro' virtue's safest paths are led
 To pour their light around.
 'Tis a glorious *home*, deny it who can,
 That's fill'd by a faithful TEMPERANCE MAN

Our work is glorious, let us move
 The trampled heart to raise,
 To fill the earth with notes of love,
 And heaven with notes of praise ;
 And worlds to come shall bless the light
 The Temperance Teacher gave ;
 And those who sought his name to blight
 Shall bless his humble grave.
 'Tis a glorious *work*, deny it who can,
 The work of a faithful TEMPERANCE MAN.

WHERE IS THE SLAVE SO LOWLY ?

ADAPTED BY THOMAS HARRISON.

AIR—" *Where is the Slave so lowly ?*"

Where is the slave so lowly,
 Condemned to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst
 His bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly ?

O soul, whose sins degrade it,
 Look up to God that made it !
 Look up, and dare
 To fly the snare—
 The cup that has betray'd it !
 Rally round us—one and all !
 Intemperance shall fall !

Hark ! at the summons, brethren
 On every side are gathering !
 To aid the strife
 For truth—for life—
 And home's delights unwithering ;
 We tread the land that bore us !
 The Temperance flag is o'er us !
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side ;
 And the foe we hate before us !
 Onward—onward, one and all !
 Intemperance shall fall !

THE BRIDAL FEAST.

BY D. LAURENCE REYNOLDS, ABERGAVENNY.

AIR—" *The Mistletoe Bough.*"

The banners blaze in the festive hall,
 The flowers are wreathing both window and wall,
 And the tenants in garments, new and gay,
 Are met in the hall on this festive day :
 The landlord beholds, with a father's pride,
 His beautiful daughter this day a bride ;
 While her sparkling eyes and her brow so fair,
 Proclaim her the loveliest maiden there.

Oh, what a bridal feast.

The table is cleared and the wine appears,
 And each to the bride a full bumper clears,
 While with a blithe and joyous heart,
 All the fair maids from the hall depart ;

Oh, now are the sports of the day begun,
 Now is there drinking, and laughter, and fun,
 And toasts are repeated, and many a gay song
 Is heard with delight by that jovial throng.

Oh, what a bridal feast.

At length the long night begins to decline,
 And a bumper is filled of the strongest wine !
 A poltroon is he who drains not the whole,
 The last lingering drop of the well-filled bowl !
 The bridegroom, though he can scarcely stand,
 Seizes the glass with a trembling hand,
 And drinking long life to his lovely bride,
 He falls down a corpse by her father's side.

Oh, what a bridal feast.

He sleeps not alone in his early grave,
 The fair bride sleeps with the bridegroom brave.
 She heard of his fate with many a sad tear,
 And her young heart broke on her husband's bier.
 Oh sad was their fate, but destructive wine,
 No tongue can recount what evils are thine ;
 Thou hurriedst off in their joy and their bloom
 The maiden and youth to their early tomb.

Oh, what a bridal feast.

FOR ALL OF HUMAN KIND.

BY E. P. H.

AIR—" *Auld Lang Syne*."

Whate'er of darkness dims our eye,
 Or hangs upon our mind,
 Let's crush the pang and heave a sigh,
 For all of human kind.

For all of human kind, my friend,
 For all of human kind,
 Let's breathe a prayer to work and bless
 The whole of human kind.

We cannot breathe a prayer in vain,
 Love never sows the wind,
 And every heart shall share the boon,
 That prays for human kind.

For all.

Why weepest thou, brother ? tell me why
 Harsh thoughts oppress thy mind ;
 We all are brethren ; let us then,
 Be to each brother kind.

For all.

Hath drunkenness oppress'd thy heart,
 Hath folly made thee blind ?
 Open thy eyes, in temperance see
 A friend to human kind.

For all.

I too have sinn'd—I too have felt,
 How sin may snare the mind,
 But pardon'd when to heaven I knelt,
 I felt for human kind.

For all.

Are we not one ? a mother's love
 Around each heart hath twinn'd ;
 Are we not one ? one home above
 Our best bright hopes hath shrin'd.

For all.

Are we not one ? oh then as one,
 Let us our spirits bind,
 And pray, and work, and labour on,
 To bless all human kind.
 For all the human kind, my friend, &c.

I'VE HEARD THE PRAISE OF ROSY WINE.

AIR—"The Rose of Allendale."

I've heard the praise of rosy wine,
 In dulcet measure sung :
 And oft, with wild and loud applause,
 The festive hall has rung.
 Let drunkards wake their noisy harps
 And Bacchus' praises sing,—
 By far the sweetest drink for me
 Is water from the spring.
 Is water from the spring,
 Is water from the spring ;
 By far the sweetest drink for me
 Is water from the spring.

Whene'er I wander from my home,
 How distant, far, or wide,
 I fear no danger on my way,
 While temperance is my guide ;
 While here my course I fearless steer,
 Secure beneath her wing ;
 And health and happiness enjoy,
 By water from the spring.
 By water from the spring, &c.

She shelters me from all the ills
 The drunkard knows and feels ;
 The bruised reed she does not break—
 The wounded spirit heals ;
 And when, at last life's journeys o'er,
 That sweet repose she'll bring—
 Like infant's sleep—as sweet and pure
 As water from the spring,
 As water from the spring, &c.

THE TEMPERANCE HOME.

BY THOMAS HARRISON.

AIR—“ *Meet me by moonlight alone.*”

Sweet is the temperance home !
 Its smiles, and its joys, and its tears !
 For the heart in the temperance home
 Is the wellspring of all that endears.
 The world's pleasure-gauds I despise,
 They glitter and vanish like foam ;
 But a deeper emotion there lies
 In the charms of my temperance home !
 The tavern may do for the gay,
 The thoughtless, the heartless, the free,
 But I wish not the bondage away
 That is dearer than freedom to me:
 For, circled by spirits that love,
 I sigh not for pleasure to roam !
 I ask not a transport above
 The delights of my temperance home !

HOW BEAUTIFUL, HOW BEAUTIFUL.

E. P. H.

AIR—"Jerusalem, Jerusalem."

How beautiful, how beautiful 'twould be if we could see
Our own dear land, this glorious land, from vile intem-
perance free !

If all her sons would stand erect, the temperance cause
to bear,

And all her daughters wreath its flowers amidst their
shining hair.

How beautiful, how beautiful, if every brother's name
Were rescued from its old reproach, the scoffing and the
shame ;

And dashing every chain away, how beautiful to see,
The drunkard starting to the man, the noble and the free.

How beautiful, how beautiful, if thro' this ocean isle,
Each village wore the coming glimpse of a redeeming
smile ;

Then should the ruins of the state erect in glory stand,
And hope relume her dying torch, to lighten up our land.

Yes, beautiful, most beautiful, and shortly we shall see
This land, our own dear native land, from vile intem-
perance free ;

Shall see her sons all stand erect, the temperance cause
to bear,

And all her daughters wreath its flowers amidst their
shining hair.

THE JOLLY TEETOTALLER.

BY THOMAS HARRISON.

AIR—"Did you ne'er hear of a Jolly Young Waterman."

O did you ne'er hear of a jolly teetotaller,

How that he once a poor drunkard had been ?

Was broken in spirit and poverty-stricken,

The ruefullest creature that ever was seen ?

But when soul and body and fortune was sinking,

He heard of the pledge and he left off his drinking,

And from that happy hour does he often declare,

The teetotaller never knew sorrow or care.

His purse was refilled, and his credit restored him ;
 His health came again, and his spirits were light ;
 His wife dried her tears as she blest and adored him,
 And his little ones welcomed him home with delight ;
 And nought cared he 'mid these pleasures endearing,
 For his former associates gibing or jeering,
 But striving to win them away from the snare,
 The teetotaller never knew sorrow or care.

But temperance yielded far more than the blessings
 Of health, and of hope, and a plentiful board ;
 She gave him a heart that was gentle and loving,
 A mind with the treasures of knowledge well stored :
 He burst asunder the bonds that fetter
 Man's yearnings, for that which is nobler and better ;
 And while thus did the jolly teetotaller fare,
 O how could he ever know sorrow or care ?

RECHABITE TRIUMPH HYMN.

BY E. P. H.

AIR—" *The Maid of Judah.*"

No more shall the sons of Rechab dwell
 Alone in the eastern clime,
 But their fame shall arise, while his children tell
 The deeds of the olden time.
 From the drifting sands and sungirt shores,
 To the snows of our northern hills,
 They have pass'd, and lo, their mighty breath
 The wide earth round us fills.

Three thousand years, and the rolling stone
 Is scattered on Babylon's plain,
 And Greece has lost her classic dome,
 And Rome her sceptred reign.
Three thousand years, and nations vast,
 Have gone to the deep earth down ;
 And the fame of many a monarch pass'd
 With the flash of his gorgeous crown.

Three thousand years, and the sacred lights
 Have died on Judah's hill,
 And tones that thrill'd with love or mirth,
 Are hush'd in death and still.
 But the sons of Rechab still are met
 As their fathers met of yore ;
 And the vow among them lingers yet,
 To touch the wine no more.

They meet on Asia's sandy plains,
 Broad, boundless, wild and free ;
 They meet, on England's broad domains,
 Those sons of liberty.
 His Sons—they shall rise a plant of fame,
 To brighten and bless earth's sod ;
 And may each son of Rechab bear the name,
 Ere long, the sons of God.

TEETOTALISM AT HOME.

BY W. F. WODSON,

AIR—"Sweet Home."

I have looked through the world, and to this have I
 come,
 There is no home so blest as the Teetotal Home ;
 'Tis beloved by our God, and the angels admire,
 And they guard the loved forms by the Teetotal fire.
 Home, blest home,
 There is no home so blest as the Teetotal home.

See the angels approaching, with blessings they come
 To spread round the hearth of the Teetotal home ;
 They are laden from heaven for those they admire,
 And they'll bide, as at home, by the Teetotal fire.
 Home, blest home.

They will stay and watch over our pillows at night ;
 And they'll lead thro' the day if we ask them aright ;
 Thus we taste of that life unto which we aspire,
 For the angels are guests by the Teetotal fire,
 Home, blest home, &c.

AN ELEGY AND AN INVOCATION

BY WILLIAM BEST.

AIR—" *The last Rose of Summer.*'

Alas! that a spirit
 So gentle and meek,
 That to eyes gave a language
 And kindled the cheek,
 From its sphere should have fallen
 Degraded—forlorn,
 A scoff and a hissing,
 A bye-word of scorn.

Once peerless in beauty,
 Thy beauty is dead,
 Thy flowers are all blasted,
 Their perfume is fled,
 And the brow of thy mother
 Is ploughed with deep shame,
 And thy sister, who loves thee,
 She weeps at thy name.

If a syren sung sweetly,
 Presenting the bowl,
 "Banish care, banish sorrow,
 Give joy to thy soul;"
 If the song was insidious,
 And nature was frail,
 And thy fortitude flattered
 While listening the tale;

Oh! forget the delusion,
 There's brightness above
 That is waiting to fall
 Like a garland of love;
 There is dew in the heavens
 To cleanse what is base,
 With a plenteous renewing
 Of virtue and grace.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

BY E. P. HOOD.

AIR—" *Oh but ye've been lang a comin'.*"

Our gallant banner stream'd in air,
 And all bright colours blended there,
 So brightly gay so sweetly fair,
 That none was aye so glorious.
 The bravest forms around it crowd,
 And beauty tender, soft, and proud,
 They raise the welcome long and loud,
 To hail it all victorious.

Oh but its been long a comin'
 Long a comin', long a comin';
 Oh but its been long a comin',
 Welcome royal temperance.

Where'er that banner deck'd the plain,
 Bright blessings fell like fresh'ning rain;
 It floated on without a strain,
 So radiant and glorious.
 Old sin ran cowering back to hell,
 Fair freedom rung oppression's knell,
 And fame her trumpet rais'd to tell,
 Our banner was victorious.

Oh but its been long a comin'.

And can it be that there is one,
 Who will not 'round the standard run,
 And boast himself a gallant son,
 Of cause so great and glorious;
 Oh he is drink's dishonoured slave;
 We love the true, the bold, the brave,
 Now comrades rush the lost to save,
 And prove our flag victorious.

Oh but its been long a comin'.

THE BLUSHING ROSE.

BY CHARLES THURBER, ESQ.

AIR—" *Drink to me only with thine Eyes.*"

The rose that shoots so gaily up,
 To deck the flowery plain,
 With blushes holds its little cup
 To catch the genial rain ;
 And then it looks so gay and fair,
 Within its native bower,
 That all delight to breathe the air
 And linger near the flower.

Let drunkards drink the foaming bowl,
 And join the revel cry,
 If it were mine I'd dash the whole
 Where all such bowls should lie.
 I'd think I heard the rosy bush
 Thus whispering merrily—
 Oh, hie thee where the waters gush,
 And take a glass with me.

When drunkards breathe their latest breath,
 Forgot or loath'd they lie ;
 Oh, such a death is not the death
 That I should like to die.
 But let my drink, like flow'rets gay,
 The crystal waters be,
 That when I die, sweet memory may
 Delight to dwell on me.

TEETOTAL CHORUS.

BY DR. M'GAVID, BODMIN.

AIR—" *The Fall of Babylon.*"

Hail the day when all poor drunkards
 Shall obtain a full release,
 From thy slavish bonds, Intemperance,
 And their families live in peace ;
 In our free and native country,
 Many thousands loudly roar—
 Drunkenness is fallen to raise no more.

Shout aloud, Teetotal Choir,
 Higher still your voices raise,
 See old Alcohol on fire,
 Clap your hands and fan the blaze;
 Burn the mash-tubs, staves and barrels,
 Throw the coolers out of doors.
 Drunkenness is fallen, &c.

Tidleywinks shall fall for ever,
 At Teetotal's powerful sound;
 Public-houses, too, shall quiver,
 Landlords' sign boards must come down;
 Raise your notes, ye brave teetotallers,
 Young and old, and rich and poor,
 Drunkenness is fallen, &c.

All the landlords cry with wonder,
 What is this that's come to pass?
 Murmuring like some distant thunder,
 Crying Oh! Alas! Alas!
 We shall conquer, we shall conquer,
 Onward cry from shore to shore,
 Drunkenness is fallen, &c.

Christians raise your gladsome voices,
 Swell the glorious tidings round,
 Heaven and earth in love rejoice,
 Satan trembles at the sound;
 Now our ranks in gladness gather,
 On we march in deathless power,
 Teetotal rises to fall no more,

WILL YE GO WITH US?

TUNE—"All on Hobbies."

We have entered the field and are ready to fight
 Against the Rum demon from morning till night;
 The groggeries, too, we're determined to crush,
 And drink good cold water to nerve for the rush;
 Who will go with us—will ye go with us?
 Will you go with us for temperance too?

We're determined to conquer or die in the fight,
 For we can't bear the Rum-holes at all in our sight;
 They look bad, they smell bad, they are bad we know,
 So come along with us, for on we will go;
 Who will go with us? will *you* go with us?
 Will you go with us for temperance too?

Now ye Rum selling gents our advice is to you,
 Just drop your foul traffic, it never will do;
 It is injuring us, it is ruining you,
 So get yourselves out and go teetotal too:
 Who will go with us? &c.

And ladies, dear ladies, we ask you to night,
 Just go along with us and aid in the fight;
 With you on our side this is what we will do—
 We will make all the toppers go teetotal too:
 Who will go with us? &c.

“OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.”

TUNE—“*Oh dear, what can the matter be.*”

The Liverpool boys are all playing the dickens;
 The night of confusion around us now thickens;
 Unless the Rum business in some of us quickens,
 We shall soon have to cut with our rum.

It's oh dear, what can the matter be?
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
 What have I done with my jolly old customers?
 What shall I do with my rum?

I used to get rich thro' the toiling mechanic,
 Who spent all his wages in pleasures Satanic;
 But now I confess I am in a great panic,
 Because I can sell no more Rum;

Oh dear, what, &c.

My customers once to my bar room came flocking,
Some without coat, or a shoe, or a stocking ;
But now I declare it is really quite shocking,
I cannot dispose of my Rum.

Oh dear, what, &c.

I once clothed in satin my wife and my daughter,
But now they wear calico—what is the matter ?
They've left off my Rum for the sake of cold water ;
Oh what shall I do with my Rum ?

Oh dear, what, &c.

I'll tell you I'll quit, the Rum is no use to me ;
It's been a continual source of abuse to me ;
The friends of Temperance, I hope, will stick close
to me,
So soon as I give up my Rum !

And it's oh dear, what can the matter be ?
Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
Good bye my Rum-drinking customers,
I vow I will sell no more Rum.

THE TRADES' COMBINATION.

AMERICAN.

AIR—" *The Washing Day.*"

Times won't be good, 'tis plain to see,
Till we are rid of Alcohol,
And then we'll have a glorious time,
To roll the temperance ball ;
Then let us rouse with might and main,
Together one and all,
And work, and work, and work, and work,
Against old Alcohol.

The farmers want good times again,
 To sell their wheat and pork :
 And to get rid of Alcohol,
 They're going right to work.
 They'll plough and reap, and sow, and mow,
 And gather their crops next fall,
 And thrash, and thrash, and thrash, and thrash,
 And thrash old Alcohol.

The labouring men they want more work,
 And higher wages too ;
 They'll help to roll the temperance ball,
 With better times in view ;
 They'll saw, and chop, and grub, and dig,
 And shovel, and shovel away,
 Without a drop of Alcohol,
 By night or yet by day.

The tailors, too, they're on the spot,
 To roll the temperance ball ;
 They know they never get a job
 From old King Alcohol.
 They'll cut, and baste, and cabbage, and sponge,
 And press, and sew, and hem,
 And stitch, and stitch, and stitch, and stitch,
 For all the temperance men.

Shoemakers, too, with right good will,
 Will join the working throng,
 And what they do for temperance,
 They'll do both neat and strong ;
 They'll cut, and crimp, and last, and stitch,
 And peg, and black, and ball,
 And peg, and peg, and peg, and peg,
 And peg old Alcohol.

The hatters do not want to see
 Their kettle standing dry,
 Just give them room to sign the pledge,
 And then the fur will fly ;

They'll nap, and block, and collar, and bind,
 Together one and all,
 And finish, and finish, and finish, and finish,
 And finish old Alcohol.

The blacksmiths they will roll up sleeves,
 And make their sledges swing,
 And in the cause of temperance
 They'll make their anvils ring ;
 They'll blow, and strike, and forge, and weld,
 And make the cinders fly,
 And hammer, and hammer, and hammer, and hammer,
 For Alcohol must die.

The coopers they are on the way,
 With barrels ready made,
 To pack away old Alcohol,
 And send him to the shade ;
 They'll raise, and crause, and gauge, and hoop,
 With hoops both great and small,
 And hoop, and hoop, and hoop, and hoop,
 And hoop old Alcohol.

The ladies, too, they're on the way,
 To work in the great cause,
 And what they do for temperance,
 Will meet with our applause ;
 They'll laugh, and sigh, and simper, and cry,
 And crush the monster down,
 And they'll talk, and talk, and talk, and talk,
 And talk him out of town.

And thus we'll shout, and thus we'll sing,
 Until our journey's o'er ;
 A glorious victory we'll obtain,
 When Alchy is no more.
 Then let us rouse with might and main,
 Together one and all,
 And shout, huzza for temperance !
 And down with Alcohol !

IT WILL NEVER DO TO GIVE IT UP SO.

AMERICAN.

AIR—*"It will never do to give it up so."*

We've fought the battle very long,
 And now we'll sing a little song,
 To raise our spirits, getting low,
 For it won't do to give it up so.

It'll never do to give it up so,
 It will never do to give it up so,
 It will never do to give it up so, Oh no,
 It will never do to give it up so.

We've had a hard and lengthy race,
 We still keep on the same old pace;
 So long as Rum shall lay men low,
 It will never do to give it up so.

It will never do to give it up so, &c.

We've met misfortunes on our way,
 But they have failed our course to stay;
 We still keep moving on the track,
 And never think of turning back,

It will never do to give it up so, &c.

'Tis true we've lost some one or two,
 Who could not keep from getting blue;
 But now's the time to help them along,
 And sing to them the words of the song.

It will never do to give it up so, &c.

If you have tumbled off the track,
 Have broke the pledge, and on your back,
 Don't give it up, but try again;
 Come, sign once more, and still be a man,

It will never do to give it up so, &c.

Those who sell the liquor, too,
 We have a word to say to you ;
 Better away your liquor throw,
 For we will never give it up so,

It will never do to give it up so, &c.

We've tried it hard, we've tried it long,
 We've tried the speech, we've tried the song,
 We've tried the mouth, we've tried the pen,
 If they won't do we'll try them again.

It will never do to give it up so, &c.

" OLD SIR TODDY."

AMERICAN.

AIR—" *Old Dan Tucker.*"

Come all ye who are fond of singing,
 Let us set a song a ringing ;
 Sound the chorus strong and hearty,
 And we'll make a jovial party.

Get out of the way, Old Sir Toddy,
 Get out of the way, Old Sir Toddy,
 Get out of the way, Old Sir Toddy,
 You're a drunken, thievish body,

Some love rum, and some love brandy,
 And some drink whate'er comes handy ;
 But we will lump them in a body,
 And we will call them " OLD SIR TODDY."
 Get out of the way, &c.

He who drinks cold water only,
 Ne'er will feel his fireside lonely ;
 But his home a happy place is,
 With its merry, smiling faces,
 Get out of the way, &c.

All who wish for homes to bless them,
 All who wish for girls to kiss them,
 List, while soberness is o'er us,
 Here's the song and this the chorus,
 Get out of the way, &c.

Time was once when every body
 Drank his gin or brandy toddy ;
 But a new reform's beginning,
 Drinking liquor now is sinning.
 Get out of the way, &c.

Then we used to all get merry,
 Drunk on rum, and tipp'd with sherry ;
 Now we've one as sweet as honey,
 Without price, and without money.
 Get out of the way, &c.

Rum, it makes the botheration,
 Deadens all the circulation,
 Kills the soul, and kills the body,
 All is done by drinking toddy.
 Get out of the way, &c.

Now, my friends, come stop your drinking,
 Health is gone, and fortune sinking,
 Come and own that you're mistaken,
 Sign the pledge, and save your bacon.
 Get out of the way, &c.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

AIR—" *The Wandering Boy.*"

Oh ! my clothes are all ragged, and tatter'd, and torn,
 I wander about quite unfriended—*forlorn* ;
 On my shelterless head the bleak winter winds blow,
 And my poor naked feet are benumb'd in the snow ;
 No bright blazing fire, with its comforts, I see,
 Surrounded with faces all shining with glee !
 Ah ! no, the cold street, now deserted and wild,
 Is the only home left for the poor Drunkard's Child !

My mother she died in the workhouse hard by,
 And I, her poor orphan, received her last sigh;
 For her heart, it was broken with anguish and pain,
 And I weep, for I never shall see her again;
 My father spent all that he earn'd at the inn,
 And drink cut him off in the midst of his sin;
 His last words were curses—his death-bed was wild—
 Oh! Friends of Humanity, pity his Child!

I see happy children, all smiling and gay,
 And I sigh, for I once was as happy as they;
 Their light merry laughter falls sad on my ear,
 For ah! they all shun me whene'er I draw near!
 The smiles leave their faces—they treat me with scorn,
 And it makes me regret that I e'er was born;
 No voice of compassion, so soothing and mild,
 E'er cheers the lone heart of the poor Drunkard's Child!

Oh! still must I wander this wild world alone,
 Unfed and unshelter'd—disown'd and unknown;
 'Mongst the millions of earth, not a friend can I claim,
 To wipe off my tears, or to call me by name;
 On my cold bed of straw I will lie down and die,
 And my prison-freed soul shall ascend up on high,
 Where Jesus, with accents of mercy so mild,
 Shall comfort for ever the poor Drunkard's Child!

THE REAL STAUNCH TEETOTALLER.

AIR—" *The fine old English Gentleman.*"

I'll sing you a new temperance song, made by a temperance pate,
 Of a real staunch Teetotaller, who had a good estate;
 Who kept up his neat mansion, at a good teetotal rate;
 With a little nice teetotal wife, to render sweet the state
 Of this real staunch Teetotaller—one of the present time.

His house so neat, was hung around with pictures fine
 to view,
 And rich and beauteous furniture was ranged around all
 new;

And here at night, when toil was o'er, he'd seat him in
his pride,
And quaff his cup of coffee, with his partner by his side,
Like a real staunch, &c.

When winter with its frost and snow threw darkness o'er
the scene,
He felt how happy he was then to what he once had been;
And if he heard the orphan's cry, the cravings of the poor,
He gave as much as he could spare, he could not well
give more,
This real staunch, &c.

He used to beat his weeping wife, and spend his hard-
earned gains,
In buying whisky, ale, and wine, to stupify his brains;
His coat was out at elbows, and his hat without a crown,
In short, he was a common pest, the nuisance of the town,
Before he turned Teetotaller, &c.

But now so happy is his home, so nicely is he drest,
He never beats his little wife, but clasps her to his breast;
And if a tear is in her eye, it is for joy that he
Has crush'd the drunkard's appetite, and turn'd out to be
A real staunch Teetotaller, &c.

Now, surely this is better far, than brandy, ale, or wine;
And if you wish for happiness, I pray you come and join;
For I can prove that abstinence has done great things
for me,
For once I loved a little drop, but now I am, you see,
A real staunch Teetotaller, &c.

THE PROCESSION DAY.

AIR—"The Merry Month of May."

'Twas in the merry month of May,
When the bees from flower to flower did hum,
Teetotallers through the town march'd gay,
And on they went to the sound of the drum;

The windows were with beauty crown'd;
 The crowds paraded the village round,
 And on they went through pleasure's bowers,
 Wreath'd with love, and crown'd with flowers.

CHORUS—'Twas in, &c.

Three old women, the first was lame,
 The second was blind, the third was dumb,
 They would not stay behind for shame,
 But hobbled away to the sound of the drum !
 Poor old souls, they did their best,
 To toddle away with all the rest,
 For where there's a will there's always a way,
 So off they went while the band did play.

CHORUS—'Twas in, &c.

See how the tailor leaves his board ;
 See, see in a troop together they come ;
 Teetotallers now, they have snapt the cord
 That kept them away from the sound of the drum ;
 The cobbler leaves his lapstone and awl,
 And hobbles away at glory's call ;
 See, see, in our ranks they all unite,
 The working men for the moral fight.

CHORUS—'Twas in, &c.

The soldiers boast of glory and fame,
 With trumpets and fife together they come ;
 They boast of glory,—an empty name,
 And march with sad hearts to the sound of the drum.
 Oh, we are happier far than they,
 For liberty triumphs while we play ;
 And while we boast of our glory and fame,
 The world leaps up at the glorious name.

CHORUS—'Twas in, &c.

I care not much for music's charms,
 For the trumpet and fife, if together they come ;
 But ever my soul leaps up in arms,
 When I hear the sound of the temperance drum.
 Hark ! how it rings through the wide, wide world !
 Intemperance from its throne is hurl'd ;
 And every chorus seems to say,
 Our foes are scampering while we play.

CHORUS—'Twas in, &c.

TRY, LADS, TRY

BY HENRY ANDERTON.

AIR—"Polly set the Kettle on,"

I have ventured out again,
From my cottage on the plain,
And despite of toil and pain—

Hope in view—

I have come to take your part,
'Gainst the tempter's wily art;
Drunkards! let us make a start—

Do, lads, Do!

It is in the drunkard's power
To be rescued any hour,
Though the clouds of danger lower

Thick and near,

Let him "bag" his jerry pots,
Let him shun the place of sots,
Drunkards! if you'd mend your lots,

Hear, lads, hear!

See the landlord! *he* can thrive,
While with poverty *you* strive;
When *you* sigh—"Dear heart alive!"

Watch *him* pass.

Nodding at you all the while,
In a Jack-and-Joan-like style,
What's the meaning of his smile?—

BRASS, LADS, BRASS!

Yes—he wants your *brass* indeed;
"Love myself"—aye, that's his creed,
When the fellow means to feed

On your self.

Drunkards! *do* as *he* has done,
Keep an eye to number *one*;
Let your thoughts be turned upon

Self, lads, self!

When will English dwellings be
 Edens of felicity ?
 When will English workmen see
 As wise men ?
 When will truth and common sense
 Prove Old England's best defence ?
 When *strong drink* is banished hence—
 Then, lads, then.

It's as easy as "come out"
 To bring this nice change about ;
 If you'd lay these "good-for-nought"
 Liquids by—
 If, instead of jerry-dregs,
 You would let roast beef and eggs
 Occupy your munching pegs—
 TRY, LADS, TRY !

DRINK—THE WATER DRINK.
AMERICAN.

AIR—“ Boatmen Dance.”

Another song we'll sing to you—
 The same old story, nothing new—
 Of those who get so awful blue,
 They don't know what on earth to do ;
 But drink—the liquor drink ;
 But drink—the liquor drink ;
 They drink all night, till broad daylight,
 And are all dead drunk in the morning.
 CHORUS—High O!—the drunkards go, } **Repeat.**
 Falling away like melting snow,

The drunkards dance, the drunkards sing,
 The drunkards drink their brandy sling ;
 But we can quaff a sweeter bowl,
 And still be merry, cheek by jowl ;
 Then drink—the water drink,
 Then drink—the water drink ;
 While we can drink the water pure,
 We'll never sup your brandy.
 High O!—the drunkards go, &c.

The drunkards, when they have a *high*,
Low in the ditch or corner lie ;
 But we drink and never fall,
 Nor ever in the gutter sprawl ;
 Then drink—the water drink,
 Then drink—the water drink ;
 We'll drink and eat, and sleep so sweet,
 And up in the morning early.

High O !—the drunkards go, &c.

The drunkards curse, the drunkards swear,
 And for their rum is all their care ;
 They drink up all the rum they get,
 But we will drink cold water yet ;
 Then drink—the water drink,
 Then drink—the water drink ;
 While we can drink cold water pure,
 We'll never sup your brandy.

High O !—the drunkards go, &c.

The drunkard goes home cross at night—
 He scolds his wife and has a fight ;
 And when he rises from his bed—
 O dear ! O dear ! his aching head !
 Then drink—the water drink,
 Then drink—the water drink ;
 We'll drink, and eat, and slumber sweet,
 And up in the morning early.

High O !—the drunkards go, &c.

The drunkard he spends all his cash,
 His credit's lost, and soon he'll smash ;
 The poor-house takes the man and wife,—
 And that's the end of a drunkard's life.
 Then drink—the water drink,
 Then drink—the water drink ;
 We'll save our gold till we are old,
 And then we'll all enjoy it.

High O !—the drunkards go, &c.

But times have changed, now in our day;
The drunkard's turn'd the other way;
They leave the rum, and sign the pledge,
And keep the right side of the hedge.

Then drink—the water drink,

Then drink—the water drink;

The drunkards leave their brandy shops,
And turn to the living fountain.

High O!—the drunkards go, &c.

The toddy stick is rusting out;

The tapster he has got the gout;

He'll soon have nothing else to do

But sign the pledge and start anew.

Then come—and sign the pledge,

Then come—and sign the pledge;

And "Life anew, and temperance too,"

Shall for ever be our motto.

High O! the drunkards go, &c.

THE INEBRIATE'S LAMENT.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

AIR—"Long, Long Ago."

Where are the friends that to me were so dear,

Long, long ago—long, long ago?

Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer,

Long, long ago—long, long ago?

Friends that I loved, in the grave are laid low,

Hopes that I cherish'd are fled from me now;

I am degraded, for rum was my foe,

Long, long ago; long, long ago.

Sally, my wife, bow'd her beautiful head,

Long, long ago; long, long ago;

Oh, how I wept when I knew she was dead,

Long, long ago; long, long ago;

She was an angel, my love, and my guide,

Vainly to save me from ruin she tried;

Poor broken heart, it was well that she died,

Long, long ago; long, long ago.

Let me look back on the days of my youth,
 Long, long ago; long, long ago;
 I was no stranger to virtue and truth,
 Long, long ago; long, long ago;
 Oh, for the hopes that were pure as the day!
 Oh, for the joys that were purer than they!
 Oh, for the hours I have squandered away!
 Long, long ago; long, long ago.

THE TEMPERANCE TREE.

BY M. M. READ.

AIR—"The Ivy Green."

A thriving plant is the temperance tree,
 That spreadeth its branches wide,
 Long may it hale and flourishing be,
 Though heaviest storms betide;
 Though years roll over, relentless time
 Shall work no slow decay;
 Unharm'd uplifting its head sublime,
 And welcome as the flowers in May;
 Fruitful, vigorous, fadeless, free,
 A thriving plant is the temperance tree.

Thousands are gather'd beneath its shade,
 And daily their voices ring,
 With heart-felt thanks for the glad homes made,
 The joys which from temperance spring;
 Though foes endeavour its growth to stay,
 Their efforts shall fruitless prove;
 Still blooming 'mid storms shall its branches play
 While cherish'd by virtue and love;
 Fruitful, vigorous, fadeless, free,
 A thriving plant is the temperance tree.

'Twas planted by reason on virtue's soil,
 By tears of penitence fed,
 Kind heaven hath smil'd on the work of toil,
 And genial sunbeams shed.

Its growth is spreading o'er land and sea,
 And every foreign clime
 Shall taste the fruits of the temperance tree,
 The tree that defies old Time ;
 Fruitful, vigorous, fadeless, free,
 A thriving plant is the temperance tree.

HOPE OF THE WORLD.

ATTRIBUTED TO DR. MACKAY.

AIR—" *To all you Ladies now on Land.*"

May every year but draw more near
 The time when strife shall cease,
 When truth and love all hearts shall move,
 To live in joy and peace ;
 Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
 For folly still her cause maintains ;
 But the day shall yet appear,
 When the might with the right and the truth shall be ;
 And come what there may to stand in the way,
 That day the world shall see.

Though interest pleads that noble deeds
 The world will not regard,
 To noble minds, when duty binds,
 No sacrifice is hard ;
 In vain and long, enduring wrong,
 The weak have strove against the strong ;
 But the day shall yet appear,
 When the might with the right and the truth shall be ;
 And come what there may to stand in the way,
 That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
 Though humble efforts fail ;
 Oh give not o'er until once more,
 The righteous cause prevail.
 The brave and the true may seem but few,
 But hope has better things in view ;
 And the day shall yet appear,
 When the might with the right and the truth shall be ;
 Come what there may to stand in the way,
 † day the world shall see.

LET THE JOYS OF YOUTH APPEARING.

BY J. H. AIKMAN.

AIR—" *Here's a Health to all good Lasses.*"

Let the joys of youth appearing,
 Let the smiles of beauty cheering,
 Drive the curse of rum away ;
 Drive the curse of rum away.
 Cheerful singing, lively measure ;
 Voices ringing, joy and pleasure,
 Bring a brighter, happier day.

Banish every care and sorrow,
 Though the day be dark, to-morrow
 Joy will gild our path again ;
 Joy will gild our path again.
 Rise your voices, sons and daughters,
 Earth rejoices, and the waters
 Join the happy, glorious strain.

WE'LL DRINK NO MORE O' THE BARLEY.

BY WILLIAM MACNAMARA DOWNES.

AIR—" *Royal Charley.*"

Of whisky now we see no trace,
 The cup that once betray'd us—
 That burning cause of deep disgrace
 No longer shall degrade us.
 'Twas Ireland's bane, its dregs to drain—
 Her curse both late and early ;
 It never more shall stain our shore ;—
 We'll drink no more o' the Barley !
 We'll drink no more, &c.

Oh, great and proud our chief's renown ;
 The shrine of vice is shaken ;
 The drunkard's idol tumbled down—
 The taverns all forsaken ;
 We loathe the draught which once we quaff'd ;
 It cost our nation dearly ;
 That wily foe brought want and woe,
 We'll drink no more o' the Barley.
 We'll drink no more, &c.

Our spotless banner stands unfurl'd,
 In folds so bright and ample,
 Our moral cause to all the world
 Has shown a grand example.
 And as for those, our whisky foes,
 With them we scorn to parley—
 We spurn the few, the paltry crew,
 We'll drink no more o' the Barley,
 We'll drink no more, &c.

Old Erin's sons shall never mar
 Those virtues which inspire them;
 And still in hours of strife and war,
 Shall native valour fire them!
 An ardent bowl to swell the soul,
 True courage needs but rarely;
 And when we fight for might or right,
 We'll drink no more o' the Barley,
 We'll drink no more, &c.

THE SHAMROCK.

BY WM. M. DOWNES.

AIR—"Patrick's Day."

Our native shamrock still bright and unfaded,
 Is honor'd much more than in days that are past;
 And never again shall that type be degraded,
 While green in our vallies its bloom shall last.
 The emblem we wear
 Of our country so dear,
 Is offered no more on the Bacchanal's shrine,
 No longer profan'd
 Dishonor'd and stain'd—
 Ah no, for the drunkard's wild riot is ended;
 And thanks to the chief of our sacred design!
 On Mathew's career hath a blessing descended;
 Oh, Erin, rejoice—for that glory is thine.

Saint Patrick hath bless'd the pure symbol we cherish,
 When first he was seen on our ever-green sod ;
 And still though the beauty of spring-time will perish,
 The shamrock springs up where his footstep trod ;
 Its growth ever new,
 It is nurtur'd in dew,
 By nature embalm'd in a fount that's divine !
 So sweet and so wild,
 It blooms undefil'd ;—
 Then why in the reveller's glass should be bathed
 This plant which of temperance now is the sign ?
 In joy round our banner its garland is wreathed ;
 Oh, Erin, that triumph of virtue is thine !

Bright gem of the valley—we still shall revere thee ;
 How green is thy wreath which the patriot weaves
 For one who hath taught us in honour to wear thee,
 And stainless to treasure thy mystical leaves.
 He seeks not the crown
 Of earth's frail renown ;
 His brow in a circle immortal shall shine ;—
 For high is the meed
 To him that's decreed !
 The chief of a cause that's hallow'd by heaven,—
 A movement sublime, in which millions combine !
 To Erin the boon of his birth has been given,
 That pride and that blessing my country are thine !

THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

We come ! we come ! that have been held
 In burning chains so long ;
 We're up ! and on we come, a host
 Full fifty thousand strong.
 The chains we've snapped that held us round,
 The wine-vat and the still ;
 Snapped by a blow—nay, by a word—
 That mighty word—I WILL !

We come from Belial's palaces,
 The tippling shop and bar;
 And, as we march, those gates of hell
 Feel their foundation jar.
 The very ground, that oft has held
 All night our throbbing head,
 Knows that we're up—no more to fall,
 And trembles at our tread.

From dirty den, from gutter foul,
 From watch-house and from prison,
 Where they who gave the poisonous glass
 Had thrown us, have we risen;
 From garret high we have hurried down,
 From cellar stived and damp
 Come up; till alley, lane and street
 Echo our earthquake tramp.

And on—and on—a swelling host
 Of temperance men we come,
 Contemning and defying all
 The powers and priests of rum;—
 A host redeemed, who've drawn the sword,
 And sharpened up its edge,
 And hewn our way through hostile ranks
 To the teetotal pledge.

To God be thanks, who pours us out
 Cold water from his hills,
 In crystal springs and babbling brooks,
 In lakes and sparkling rills!
 From these to quench our thirst we come,
 With freemen's shout and song,
 A host already numbering more
 Than fifty thousand strong.

THE PLEDGE.

AMERICAN.

AIR—" *The Poachers.*"

Once more our Temperance banner out
 Upon the breeze we throw—
 Beneath its folds, with song and shout,
 't's charge upon the foe.

For our Temperance pledge we'll give three cheers,
 And reform the inebriate too ;—
 For with the pledge we know no fears,
 With our Temperance pledge so true.

O, the Temperance pledge so true, my friends,
 Come sign our pledge so true.

Then brothers rise and rally round
 The Temperance pledge so true,
 Until its fame, with trumpet sound,
 Shall wake the welkins blue ;—
 And the reformed, with joyful cries,
 Sing its praise as they arise ;
 For the holy cause of joys all new,
 Is keeping the pledge so true.

CHORUS—O, the Temperance pledge, &c.

When no more the inebriates fall,
 Nor to Alcohol bend the knee,
 But signing in the crowded hall,
 Proclaim that they are free—
 We hear their burning accents fall,
 As they tell of woes gone through,
 And with thankful hearts again we call,
 Come sign our pledge so true.

CHORUS—O, the Temperance pledge, &c.

Then let the Temperance banner float
 To the sunshine and the blast,
 Till Victory sounds her bugle note,
 The din of battle past ;—
 No better cause can lead us on,
 High on its folds of blue,
 Than redeeming souls by rum held down,
 With our Temperance pledge so true.

CHORUS—O, the Temperance pledge, &c.

THE BOND OF BROTHERHOOD.

BY E. P. H.

AIR—"Love not."

Love them, love them, where'er their home may be;
Though mountains rise, and oceans may divide,
Thy heart can leap beyond the deep blue sea,
Bound o'er its depths, and land thee by their side:
Love them.

Love them, though pining in some cellar-love;
Where'er the sunbeam cannot find its way;
Thou canst be there to soothe with winning tone,
And kind hearts always make a sunny day.
Love them.

Love them, love them, though in some dungeon deep,
Fetter'd and chain'd, crime's haggard children lie;
Shrink not, but save them; there thy vigils keep;
Teach them to live before they learn to die.
Love them.

Love them, the sensual, in their grave of shame,
Though low-born habits bind them in the cave;
Beam o'er the gloom, awake their hearts to fame,
And call the lost ones from their gloomy grave.
Love them.

Love them—for man, where'er thy footsteps tread,
Man is thy brother, and may therefore claim
Thy heart, thy hand, to soothe in sorrow's bed,
To lift from error, suffering, or shame.
Love them.

THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

E. P. H.

AIR—"The Old Kirkyard"

Oh, come, come with me to the Drunkard's Grave,
'Tis a solemn spot, where no flow'rets wave;
Far from the tombs of the good and brave,
High waves the grass o'er the Drunkard's Grave.
Oh, weep; no love may mark that spot;
Sigh, for the left ones heed it not;
And the mournful waters round it lave,
And ring a dirge to the Drunkard's Grave.

It is sweet, it is sweet, when friends depart,
 To soothe a sad or breaking heart ;
 But love may sigh or passion rave,
 They bring no hope to the Drunkard's Grave ;
 No tears are shed on his coffin'd clay,
 To a lonely mound he is borne away.
 And the snow may fall, the winds may rave,
 But who will heed a Drunkard's Grave ?

When a poor man lies on his bed to die,
 The tear drop falleth from many an eye ;
 When a sailor sinks 'neath the ocean wave,
 The tears of his comrades bless his grave ;
 But here no love embalms the spot,
 Friendship and Hope, they heed it not :
 Then oh ! let us spread our spells to save
 Our children and friends from a Drunkard's Grave.

THE TRIUMPH.

BY MR. J. WHITE, ABERGAVENNY.

AIR—" *Oh ! let the kind Minstrel.*"

Raise high, friends, the song ; let the loftiest lay
 Of Temperance be heard, on this thrice happy day ;
 The glance of the wine-filled goblet we spurn,
 And the charms of its smiles we in bitterness mourn.

Raise high friends, the Pæan, why not ? for we see
 Proud Bacchus in ashes, and humble the knee
 That stooped to destroy ; but the drunkard is free.

Oh ! great be our joy, the enchanting wile
 Is spurned by the sons of the Emerald Isle,
 That Scotia, and Cambria, and Erin so fair,
 Have dash'd down the goblet of crime and despair.

Raise high, friends, the Pæan, &c.

Exult, then, exult in the thrice-blessed sound,
 Let love, life, and liberty circle around ;
 Let joy fill our bosom, and raise high the tone,
 For the tyrant accursed is gone, friends, is gone.

Raise high, friends, the Pæan, &c.

YE NOBLE HEARTS OF ENGLAND.

BY THOMAS HARRISON.

AIR—" *Ye Mariners of England.*"

Ye noble hearts of England !
 That guard our proudest right !
 To battle in the cause of truth,
 And man's oppression smite !
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe ;
 And fight for the right,
 And Intemperance overthrow !
 While every heart is bold and strong,
 Intemperance overthrow !

Ye husbands and ye fathers !
 Ye that have homes to tend !
 Ye ministers of truth who vow
 God's altars to defend !
 Awake—arise !—for the foe is up
 And with dæmon strength he comes,
 At one blow to overthrow
 Both your altars and your homes !
 To trample down in blood and dust
 Your altars and your homes !

Will ye, who fought for freedom
 In many a well-tried field,
 Before a foe yourselves have nursed
 In tame submission yield ?
 The tyrant's and the bigot's chains
 Ye and your fathers burst !
 Will ye now slavelings bow
 To the drunkard's cup accursed ?
 And prostrate body, and heart, and soul,
 To the drunkard's cup accursed ?

Up—up! my gallant brethren!
 Shout—"It no more shall be!"
 And the deadly foe, without a blow,
 Shall fall at your decree!
 Down shall his Comus-cup be dash'd!
 And his flag of death be furl'd!
 As he flies at the rise
 Of bright Temperance o'er the world!
 While peace and blessings point the path
 Of Temperance o'er the world!

GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

AIR—" *Good Night, and Joy be wi' ye a'.*"

Good night, and joy be with ye a',
 In sorrow may you never part,
 For oh, the blessed Temperance law
 Should warm each brother's, sister's heart.
 That law of love to high to low,
 To those who stand, to those who fa',
 Be yours, my friends, while here below;
 Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

We oft have met, when riot wild
 Mistaken was for mirth and glee;
 Till wrath o'er bloody trophies smil'd,
 And ours was shame and misery.
 But now no more by maddening bowl,
 Shall our pledg'd band to ruin fa';
 We've rent the shackles from the soul;
 Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a',
 And when to-morrow's sun shall rise,
 Obey again your kindly law,
 And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
 Go, seek the drunkard's wretched home,
 And raise him who like us did fa',
 And take his blessing with ye home;
 Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

WEEP FOR THE FALLEN.

AIR—" *Weep for me.*"

Weep for the fallen! hang your heads in sorrow,
And mournfully sing the requiem sad and slow;
Thousands have perish'd by the fell destroyer;
Oh! weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low.

Voices of wailing tell of hopeless anguish,
While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go;
Hark to their accents! they, the broken-hearted,
Who weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low.

Hear how they bid us sound the timely warning,
While yet there is hope to cheer the cup of woe;
Or is it nothing, ye who see the danger,
To weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low?

Weep for the fallen! but in all your sorrow,
Point to the pledge that freedom can bestow;
Rescue the nation from the fell destroyer;
Oh! why should youth and beauty in the grave lie low?

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

AIR—" *Lucy Neal.*"

BY E. P. H.

In England's smiling villages
Fresh spring the bright wild flowers,
And gaily falls the glad sunlight
Around her fairy bowers!
And merry voices shout and sing,
In chorus loud and long;
But to one heart no joy they bring—
The Drunkard's mourning Child.

Oh! the Drunkard's Child,
Oh! the Drunkard's Child;
Could I but soothe the aching heart
Of the sad Drunkard's Child.

In England's smiling palaces
 The laughter rises gay,
 And merry children pass their life
 Thro' one long summer day ;
 And mothers fold them to their arms,
 And bend their blue eyes mild ;
 But oh, how different the lot
 Of a poor Drunkard's Child.
 Oh ! the Drunkard's Child.

What mean the domes of splendour,
 The lofty marble hall,
 Where crimson hangings wave around
 The nobly pictur'd wall ?
 For him alone the workhouse,
 Or dreadful jail are pil'd ;
 To dwell within those dreadful homes,
 Grows up the Drunkard's Child.
 Oh ! the Drunkard's Child.

Oh ! Drunkards, start with horror
 From the low haunt of shame ;
 Oh ! mothers teach your babes to spring
 Back from the drunkard's name.
 Oh ! Christians quit the apathy
 Which has so long beguil'd,
 And stretch your hands and hearts to save
 The Drunkard's wretched Child.
 Oh ! poor Drunkard's Child.

SOUND THE LOUD TRUMPET.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *Sound the Loud Timbrel*."

Sound the loud trumpet, o'er island and sea,
 For Temperance has triumph'd, the Drunkard is free.
 Sing ! for the spell of the tyrant is broken,
 And thousands have leap'd from the trance of the grave.
 Sing ! for a voice thro' the darkness hath spoken,
 And hands were stretch'd forth the Drunkard to save.
 Sound the loud trumpet o'er island and sea,
 For Temperance hath triumph'd, the Drunkard is free.

Fathers of Britain ! come join in the strain ;
 The earth shall be free from the spoiler again.
 See how in beauty the daughters of gladness
 Move like the angels of light on their way ;
 Hark ! how their words o'er the mansions of sadness,
 Enchant the poor lost ones to glory and day.
 Sound the loud trumpet, o'er island and sea,
 For Temperance hath triumph'd, the Drunkard is free.

But sound ye the triumph in praise of the Lord,
He lifted *His* banner, *He* gave us the word.
 Ages to come shall rehearse the proud story,
 How angels descended the lost to reclaim—
 The God of our fathers hath crown'd us with glory,
 And banish'd our foes to the regions of shame.
 Sound the loud trumpet, o'er island and sea,
 Jehovah hath triumph'd, the Drunkard is free.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

AIR—" *My Heart and Lute.*"

BY THOMAS HARRISON.

I gave to thee my young heart's love,
 When summer skies were bright ;
 I drank the sunshine and the joy,
 Nor dream'd of coming night.
 I lean'd upon thy manly breast,
 A young and trusting bride,
 And on its truth and constancy
 I fearlessly relied.

And it *was* true—and it was firm
 'Gainst any open foe ;
 Brave—honest—it could only fall
 By some insidious blow.
 And soon that deadly blow was dealt,
 For ah ! the serpent's sting
 Within the vine-wreath buried lay
 Of friendship's offering.

O! no, thou wast not poor in love—
 Thou could'st not me forget—
 'Twas fever, madness seiz'd thy brain,
 Or thou hadst lov'd me yet.
 And I will love thee to the end ;
 For O! what power can move,
 What slight, what anguish can estrange
 A faithful woman's love?

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

AIR—" *Rule Britannia.*"

E. P. H.

When Temperance first at heaven's command
 Arose to bless our smiling plain,
 Its voice roll'd sweetly round the land,
 And thus flow'd on the inspiring strain :—

Chorus. } Britannia, ruler of the waves,
 } Why should thy children be like slaves.

Chorus repeat.

What tho' o'er many a distant sea,
 Thy sons thy dreadful banner bear ;
 Tho' distant nations crouch to see
 Thy lion rousing from his lair ;
 What matter, mistress of the waves,
 If thy own throne is propp'd by slaves.

Chorus.—Britannia, &c.

Thy fields are green, thy skies are mild,
 And rocks like giants guard thy soil ;
 Yet vain—the tyrant strong and wild
 Hath mark'd thy children for his spoil.
 Oh ! mother, mistress of the waves,
 Intemperance holds thy sons for slaves.

Chorus.—Britannia, &c.

Britannia rise ; the power is thine
 To break the spell that binds in thrall ;
 The Temperance cause will brightly shine,
 And thy most fearful foe shall fall.
 And thou, the ruler of the waves,
 Shalt see thy sons no longer slaves.

Chorus.—Britannia, &c.

THE NOBLE BAND.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

A. F. WILLIAMS.

We'll ne'er forget the glorious band,
 Who fear'd no creature's frown;
 And boldly pledg'd both heart and hand
 To put intemperance down.
 The band, the band, the noble band,
 The band of blest renown,
 Who boldly pledg'd both heart and hand,
 To put intemperance down.

Nor shall the pledge be e'er forgot,
 That so much bliss creates;
 We'll touch not, taste not, handle not,
 Whate'er intoxicates.
 The pledge, the pledge is not forgot,
 The pledge that Satan hates:
 We'll touch not, taste not, handle not,
 Whate'er intoxicates.

The Temperance cause we'll not forget,
 'Tis that which set us free;
 All honour to the Temperance pledge,
 The badge of liberty.
 The pledge, the pledge, the glorious pledge,
 The pledge that set us free;
 Let's one and all together shout,
 We've conquered, we are free.

THE HOUSEHOLD FIRE.

AIR.—An Adaptation of "The Old Oak Tree."

E. F. H.

The Household fire, the Household Fire,
 'Tis a guiding light, 'tis a sacred pyre;
 When the storm raves loud, when the snow's on the hill,
 And the shrill hail strikes at the window sill;
 How we gather round the glowing light,
 As the old log flashes gay and bright,
 And we sing brave songs, that our hearts inspire,
 When we gather around the Household Fire.

We've many a laugh from many a book,
 And cheerful jest in the dear old nook ;
 And friends they come our joy to share,
 And join in the song as it circles there.
 What faces smile in the sacred round,
 Though tears sometimes on the cheek be found ;
 Yet thither we turn, and our thoughts ne'er tire,
 Of joys we may taste round the Household Fire.

Each name of love that our heart can inspire,
 Was breath'd first around the Household Fire.
 'Twas there that the mother's ear first heard
 The lisp of her young child's murmur'd word ;
 It was there we knelt when sorrow came,
 And the prayer went up with the household flame ;
 And the dearest joy that man can desire,
 Is a happy heart round the Household Fire.

THE DEPARTED.

AIR—" *John Anderson's gone.*"

E. F. H.

The mourners are gone, and the drunkard sits there,
 All lonely, heart-broken with sorrow and care ;
 The wife whom he loved in his youth's sunny day,
 That morning was borne to her lone grave away.
 He sits alone, his heart makes moan ;
 He sighs o'er the past, with its sorrowful tale,
 But the wife whom he slighted no longer can feel—
 She's at rest ! she's at rest ! in the land of the leal.

He thinks of the day when he saw her pass by,
 So blithe and so glad, with her bright beaming eye,
 When he told her his love 'neath the shadows at eve,
 And vow'd that he never would vex or deceive ;
 But sad the woe he made her know,
 Her heart it was broken with sorrow and pain ;
 But the wife whom he slighted no longer can feel—
 She's at rest ! she's at rest ! in the land of the leal.

Ah! the eye that shone brightly was darken'd with tears,
 And her poor frame was wasted with watchings and fears,
 But she never forgot him 'midst all her heart's cares,
 And the drunkard was last in her thoughts and her prayers.
 Her kind, mild eye still shineth by ;
 He thinks of a presence he cannot forget ;
 But the wife whom he slighted no longer can feel—
 She's at rest ! she's at rest ! in the land of the leal.

The drunkard he looks round the sorrowful room—
 'Twas a dream—she can never its darkness illumine ;
 He falls on his knees, he calls on her name,
 But her spirit has pass'd from the sorrow and shame ;
 Her trampled heart perform'd its part,
 Then fainting it sunk to the rest of the grave ;
 But the wife whom he slighted no longer can feel—
 She's at rest ! she's at rest ! in the land of the leal.

THE RESOLVE.

AIR—" *Woodman spare that Tree.*"

E. P. H.

We've flung away the bowl,
 With all the sparkling wine ;
 The draughts are poison to the soul,
 Though brightly they may shine.
 The wine cup wreath'd a spell
 Round palace, hall, and cot,
 In all their strength they sadly fell,
 And we will touch it not.

The red wine conquer'd those
 Whose glory and renown
 Had shone amidst a thousand foes,
 And trod the invaders down.
 Their names, the great, the brave,
 Rang on from shore to shore ;
 They drank the red wine's burning wave,
 And all their fame was o'er.

And lands for whom the gay,
 The sparkling wreaths we twine,
 Like phantoms did they pass away
 Before the waves of wine.
 The column, arch, and throne,
 All own'd its magic spell—
 A tower—and they were overthrown ;
 The wine-cup rang their knell.

Are we not wise to shun
 The red wine's fated light ?
 Lest that which millions hath undone
 Our name and fame should blight,—
 Lest that by which they fell
 Should brood above our cot,—
 We break at once the wine-cup spell—
 Our hand shall touch it not.

THE TEETOTAL LASSIE.

AIR—" *The Spinning Wheel.*"

E. P. H.

As I sat o'er my glass of ale,
 A bonny lassie passed me by ;
 I turn'd me round and view'd her well,
 And oh, she had a sparkling eye.
 To touch my heart she did not fail,
 But still I sipp'd my glass of ale.

I look'd into her sparkling eyes,
 Thought I, oh, she will be a prize ;
 But oh, she bade me ale forbear,
 Till I one small request should hear :
 And said she would not hear my tale
 Till I gave up my glass of ale.

She said give up your woe, your bale,
 Your wine, your whisky, and your ale ;
 She bade me lay them all aside,
 Then she would come and be my bride ;
 And oh ! I liked so well her tale,
 That I gave up my glass of ale.

GLORIOUS ISLAND.

AIR—"Beautiful Venice."

E. P. H.

Glorious Island, when shalt thou be
 The home of the virtuous, the land of the free?
 Oh, Island of fame, land of beauty and song,
 What bright fairy dreams to thy regions belong;
 All lands have their beauties, but still I love thee,
 Oh, Britain, my country, the Queen of the sea.

But, land of my fathers, a spoiler is near,
 Thy beauty is often "profaned by a tear;"
 Thy rose is found drooping in valley and glen,
 Oh, when shall it smile in its freshness again?
 I have known many sights, but the fairest would be
 The spoiler destroyed by the Queen of the sea.

Glorious island of poets and kings,
 Dear shrine of all lovely and beautiful things;
 Thy streams flash like silver, the glad sunlight comes
 To the lattice and eaves of the bright cottage homes.
 'Tis a glorious land, but how brave it would be
 If the spoiler were crush'd by the Queen of the sea.

THE TEMPERANCE MAN.

AIR—"The Gipsy King."

Oh, I am a temperance man,
 And where is the man like me?
 The toper delights in his can,
 And from care is not half so free.
 I have plenty of beef on my table,
 My cupboard has plenty of cheer,
 For to conquer strong drink I am able,
 I drink neither rum, brandy, nor beer.

Oh, I am a temperance man,
 Ha! Ha!

I am a temperance man.

The toper delights in his glass,
 And will sit o'er his full flowing bowl,
 Till health, love, and liberty pass,
 And darken the light in his soul ;
 But I have abandoned the poison,
 I drink like the bird on the tree,
 I list to the logic of reason,
 And who is so happy as me.

I am a temperance man.

Oh, I am a temperance man,
 And I've got a good temperance wife ;
 I've found it the best kind of plan
 To live free from envy and strife ;
 My hearth is as proud as a prince's,
 My days they glide nobly along,
 And each day returning enhances
 The truth and the force of this song.

Oh, I am a temperance man, &c.

There's love where bright temperance springs,
 To our cause this pure spirit is given ;
 Like an angel with light on its wings,
 'Twill carry our spirit to heaven ;
 Now ye tipplers who hither may roam,
 Away with your brandy and purl,
 Build a nice little teetotal home,
 Then marry some teetotal girl,
 And be a good teetotal man.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE CAUSE.

AIR—" *Rockaway.* "

BY W. P. PEABODY.

Long may the temperance banner wave
 Triumphant over this our land,
 And may it many a drunkard save,
 To join our ever happy band.

H

Unfurl'd for ever let it be,
 A guide to bring the drunkards in,
 That they may all their error see,
 And now for temperance begin.

Long may, &c.

When on that banner we do gaze,
 Showing its beauties fair and bright,
 While over us it proudly waves,
 Remember we for freedom fight.
 Then, never let us yield to rum,
 For now the flag of temperance waves ;
 But still with renewed vigour come,
 And peace shall crown our future days.

Long may, &c.

And we shall find that every year
 Will tell of victories more sublime—
 That temperance her flag shall rear
 Over the earth's remotest clime.
 The temperance banner of the brave
 We now will ever hold most dear—
 Its radiant folds shall proudly wave
 Till closes time's expiring year.

PRAYER FOR THE DRUNKARD.

AIR—" *God save the Queen.*"

Lord, from Thy glorious throne,
 Drunkards look down upon ;

God save the poor.

Teach them true liberty ;
 Make them from custom free ;
 Let their homes happy be ;
 God save the poor.

The arms of wicked men
 Do Thou with might restrain ;
 God save the poor.

Raise Thou their lowliness ;
 Succour Thou their distress,—
 Thou, whom the meanest bless ;
 God save the poor.

Give them stanch honesty ;
 Let their pride manly be ;
 God save the poor,
 Help them to hold the right ;
 Give them both truth and might,—
 Lord of all life and light ;
 God save the poor.

Oh, God, our cause maintain ;
 Remove the drunkard's stain ;
 God save the poor.
 Now, oh ! teetotal band,
 Press forward hand in hand ;
 God by our side will stand ;
 God save the poor.

THANKSGIVING ODE.

AIR—" *Hymn of Zion.*"

Oh ! sing to Jehovah, for light is advancing ;
 Rejoice in the Lord, for his glory is come ;
 The sunbeams of truth upon mortals are glancing,
 The long-lost inebriate is journeying home.
 Awake, then, from sorrow—arise from despair—
 The night has been long, but the morning is fair.

Exult, for the day-star from heaven is shining ;
 The reign of intemp'rance is over and gone ;
 Love, peace, joy, and hope are their tendrils entwining,
 And reason and kindness combining in one.
 Awake, then, from sorrow—arise from despair—
 The night has been long, but the morning is fair.

No more shall th' inebriate, groping in error—
 His fam'ly enshrouded in poverty's night—
 View life in despair, and the future with terror ;
 The beams of salvation have burst on their sight.
 Awake, then, from sorrow—arise from despair—
 The night has been long, but the morning is fair.

Rejoice, for the earth is resuming her splendour,
 The flowers of Eden are blooming anew;
 The tyrant Intemp'rance his throne must surrender,
 And plenty and peace shall their visits renew.
 Awake, then, from sorrow—arise from despair—
 The night has been long, but the morning is fair.

THE UNIVERSAL APPEAL.

AIR—" *Sicilian Mariners.*"

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Parent! who, with speechless feeling,
 O'er thy cradled treasure bent—
 Every year new claims revealing,
 Yet thy wealth of love unspent—
 Hast thou seen that blossom blighted
 By a drear, untimely frost—
 All thy labour unrequited—
 Every glorious promise lost?

Wife! with agony unspoken,
 Shrinking from affliction's rod—
 Is thy prop, thine idol broken—
 Fondly trusted—next to God?
 Husband! o'er thy hope a mourner,
 Of thy chosen friend ashamed—
 Hast thou to her burial borne her,
 Unrepentant, unreclaimed?

Child! in tender weakness turning
 To thy heaven-appointed guide—
 Doth a lava-poison burning
 Turn to gall affection's tide?
 Still that orphan-burden bearing,
 Darker than the grave can show,
 Dost thou bow thee down despairing,
 To a heritage of woe?

Country ! on thy sons depending,
 Strong in manhood, bright in bloom—
 Hast thou seen thy pride descending,
 Shrouded, to th' unhonour'd tomb ?
 Rise!—on eagle pinions soaring—
Rise !—like one of godlike birth—
 Rise !—Jehovah's aid imploring—
 SWEEP THE SPOILER FROM THE EARTH !

THE HAPPY TIME.

AIR—“*There is a Happy Land.*”

There is a happy time, not far away,
 When temperance truth shall shine, bright, bright as day;
 Oh, then we'll sweetly sing, make the hills and valleys ring,
 Earth shall her tribute bring—it's not far away.

Bright in our happy band beams every eye ;
 Pledg'd with our heart and hand, love cannot die :
 On, then, to temperance run, be both health and virtue
 won,
 Bright as the noonday sun shines in the sky.

Come, join the temperance band—come, come away ;
 Why will ye doubting stand ? why still delay ?
 Oh, we shall happy be, when we're from intemperance
 free ;
 Haste ! from the danger flee ! haste, haste away.

Pledge to this glorious cause—pledge, pledge to-day ;
 Bow no more to fashion's laws—break, break away.
 Conquer habit while you can, be an independent man ;
 Sign the teetotal plan—sign, sign to-day.

Haste, then, the happy time, not far away,
 When temperance truth shall shine, bright, bright as day.
 Oh, then we'll sweetly sing, make the hills and valleys
 ring :
 Earth shall her tribute bring—not far away.

BEGONE, STRONG DRINK.

AIR—" *Begone, Dull Care.*"

Begone, strong drink,
 I pray thee begone from me ;
 Begone, strong drink,
 Thou and I shall never agree :
 Long time thou hast been tampering here,
 And fain thou wouldst me kill ;
 But I'm resolved, but I'm resolved,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.
 My wife and children all shall sing,
 And merrily pass the day ;
 For I own it's one of the wisest things
 To drive strong drink away.
 Away, Away, &c.

If you drink beer,
 It will make your hair grow grey ;
 If you drink beer,
 It will turn you into clay ;
 Strong beer has long beguil'd our youth,
 And strove our age to kill ;
 But I'm resolved, but I'm resolved,
 Thou never shalt have thy will.
 The wide world in joy shall sing,
 And merrily pass the day,
 For we own it's one of the wisest things
 To drive strong drink away.
 Away, away, &c.

THE TEETOTALLER'S FIRESIDE.

AIR—" *My Ain Fireside.*"

Oh, ance I was drunken, my duds were a' torn,
 I sat in the yile house from e'ning till morn :
 But the sight aye so cheerful that fills me wi' pride,
 The bonny, blithe blink of my ain fireside.

My wife is sae trig, and sae canty and clean,
 And the bright smile o' luve lights her bonny blue e'en ;
 The Queen in her palace ne'er sat wi' mair pride,
 Than my Maggie and I by our ain fireside.

There's Willie the souter's aye leaving his stall,
 To gae to "auld Luckie's" a spendin' his all ;
 But nane o' the pleasures that ever he tried,
 Shall wile me awa' from my ain fireside.

His wife is aye flytin' to gar him keep hame,
 She's thin and she's lanky wi' greetin' her lane ;
 But she's welcome to kail and to parritch beside,
 And a canty warm seat by my ain fireside.

Tho' my labour is hard and my earnin's but small,
 The kind hand of Providence blesses it all,
 And I pray every night that his luve may preside
 O'er the comforts that brighten my ain fireside.

THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

AIR—" *Some Love to Roam.*"

E. P. H.

The crystal spring,
 The crystal spring,
 So sparkling, fresh, and free ;
 Let others praise
 The red wine's rays,
 But the crystal spring for me.
 I haste away, where sunbeams play,
 O'er many a limpid wave,
 Where brightly beams the silvery stream
 From some old mossy cave.

CHORUS.—The crystal spring.

The woodland shade,
 The flowery glade,
 Where the young birds spread the wing,
 Is still more bright,
 For the flashing light
 Of some sweet crystal spring.
 Its murmurings oft, so sweetly soft,
 Might pleasant legends tell,
 Of bead and prayer recounted there,
 By the ancient holy well.

CHORUS.—The crystal spring.

Then sickness came
 And bow'd our frame,
 And death his warning gave ;
 We did not pine
 For sparkling wine,
 But a draught from the crystal wave ;
 And it sweetly there, to the couch of care,
 Did thoughts of the woodland bring ;
 And a healthful glow pass'd o'er our brow,
 Inspired by the crystal spring.

CHORUS.—The crystal spring.

By fresh'ning lakes,
 That cool the brakes,
 By rivers bold and free,
 Where forest falls
 Sing madrigals,
 All waves have charms for me.
 In youth, in health, a store of wealth
 Hath he who dares to sing :
 While others praise the red wine's rays,
 My drink's the crystal spring.

The crystal spring,
 The crystal spring,
 So sparkling, fresh, and free ;
 While others praise
 The red wine's rays,
 The crystal spring for me.

TEETOTAL SPIRITS.

AIR—" *The Teetotal Mill.*"

BY THOMAS HARRISON.

The tapster may boast, in his midnight brawl,
That from heaven he the spirits of bliss can call;
I know he may call till he's hoarse or he's dumb—
And he often does both—but, alas! do they come?

The spirits of bliss with the temperate dwell!
Yet some *spirits* answer the drunkard's yell!
But they never appear till the night's worn through,
And they come like devils arrayed in blue!

But those airy spirits won't do for me!
They ask rather too heavy a price for a spree;
And though doubling the debt may procure a delay,
Yet they'll soon come again, and they'll make you pay.

Then toppers, leave spirits of every hue—
Rum, brandy, and gin—for they all turn to blue!
Take the temperance pledge, with your children and
wives,
And the spirits of bliss shall be yours all your lives.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

AIR—" *The Soldier's Tear.*"

E. P. H.

Upon the drunkard's hearth
The fire burns faint and dim;
There is a "silence deep as death,"
No voice of prayer or hymn.
Enter the wretched room,
Lo! stretch'd upon a bier,
A woman—dead—and one poor girl,
Who wipes away a tear.

Thro' many a sorrowing path
 She took her mournful way,
 And every night brought pain and wrath—
 Hunger and cold each day.
 Famish'd and faint, her heart
 Was broken year by year :
 She died—what hand allay'd the smart,
 Or wip'd away the tear ?

No husband's arm was nigh
 To tend her last distress ;
 Alas ! it must be hard to die
 In such deep wretchedness.
 He was away—his tone
 Rose high in mad career,
 He left his dying wife alone,
 Nor wip'd away one tear.

Place her within the grave,
 And while upon her breast
 Ashes are thrown, and wild weeds wave,
 There let her humbly rest ;
 And trust that He, whose eye
 Watch'd o'er her whole career,
 Hath sooth'd her soul with heavenly joy,
 And wip'd away the tear.

A LIFE WITH THE GOOD AND BRAVE.

AIR—" *A Life on the Ocean Wave.*"

E. P. H.

A life with the good and brave,
 A home with the blest and free—
 Oh, not on the land or wave
 Is a home like that for me.

I love the morning's prime,
 When the cheerful woodlands ring,
 In the quiet evening time,
 By the bright fireaide I sing.

CHORUS.—A life with the good and brave.

Oh, not where the wild waves sweep,
 Where the winds and the sea-birds play ;
 Oh, not in the forest deep,
 'Neath the bright sun's shimmering ray,
 Where the princely pillars rise ;
 Where bends the graceful dome,
 'Neath the soft Italian skies,—
 Not there should be my home.

CHORUS.—A life with the good and brave.

The still stars brightly beam
 Upon my humble floor ;
 They shed their lovely gleam
 On the great minds of yore.
 These come ; the good and grave,
 And neighbours kind and free,
 And converse high and brave,
 Makes a rare home for me.

CHORUS.—A life with the good and brave.

Then away from a world too dim
 My spirit mounts and towers ;
 I hear the lark's sweet hymn,
 I watch the opening flowers ;
 I sit with the good and wise,
 I sit with the blest and free ;
 Nor is there beneath the skies
 A home like this for me.

CHORUS.—A life with the good and brave.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

AIR—" *The Social Glass.*"

FOR TWO OR THREE VOICES.

1st.—I used to love a social glass ;

2nd.—So did I ;

3rd.—So did I ;

And merrily days and nights did pass—

But oh, next morning's misery !

My head would ache,

My spirits quake,

My hand would shake,

And I would take

A drop to make the fever break—

Oh, what a horrid sad mistake !

1st.—But now I shun the social glass ;

2nd.—So do I ;

3rd.—So do I ;

And merrily days and nights do pass,

Without the drunkard's misery.

1st.—I oft caught cold with steaming up ;

2nd.—So did I ;

3rd.—So did I ;

I used to quaff the red wine cup,

And drink it ever unceasingly.

And then that wine,

It was so fine,

Went out to dine—

No cause to mind,

Till I had supped of glasses nine,—

Just the quantum I thought most fine.

But now I shun the social glass, &c.

1st.—I used to drink at others' cost :

2nd.—So did I ;

3rd.—And so did I ;

I had plenty of friends to toast,

So I was often dry.

One night on a spree
 I happened to be,
 A chap told me
 Of a society
 That reformed the worthless debauchee,
 Just such chaps as you and I used to be.

So now I shun the social glass, &c.

1st.—I signed the pledge, and thus became

2nd.—A Temperance man ;

3rd.—A Temperance man ;

I neither drink rum, brandy, nor beer,

But a glass of water now and then ;

I never get blue ;

You know it is true ;

All over the town the news it flew ;

And all I can do to pull you thro'

Shall be done, I promise you.

And thus I shun the social glass, &c.

THE SYCAMORE TREE.

TUNE—" *How, When, and Where ?*"

BY JOHN PRITCHARD.

As I walk'd out one morning fair,

Across the fields to take the air,

So beautiful the corn and hay,

Delightful sight to see ;

The blackbird he did sing so sweet,

And daisies sprang beneath my feet ;

Beguiled was I to take a seat

Beneath a sycamore tree.

And as I sat, these lines I penn'd ;

And to mankind I recommend

To join the ranks of abstinence,

And brighter days they'll see ;

Then like the blackbird they may sing,

Free as the mountain daisy spring ;

This place is fit to charm a king,

Tho' under a sycamore tree.

Oh ! Abstinence, thou'rt dear to me,
 Bright laurel of a goodly tree ;
 If drunken men but could thee see,
 They'd join this noble cause :
 Then listen to the blackbird's notes,
 And mind no more your fiery throats ;
 Then you may sit, with your new coats,
 Beneath some sycamore tree.

THE TEMPERANCE WARRIOR.

AIR—" *With a Helmet on his Brow.*"

BY JOHN PRITCHARD.

Bright as the Morning Star,
 Our temperance cause shall shine ;
 We'll join in the teetotal war
 'Gainst brandy, beer, and wine :
 But, like the mountain deer,
 So lightly we will bound
 To springs which run so fresh and clear,
 Where'er they may be found.
 Then let the trumpet's sound
 To the brazen drums reply :
 We choose to live a happy life,
 And sober live and die.

Soon as the battle ends,
 And the tyrant is no more,
 Our joyful banners we'll unfurl,
 In peace, from shore to shore.
 Away with Dissipation !
 Thou spoiler of our land !
 Thou chief of Desperation !
 Thy temples shall not stand.
 Then let the trumpet's sound, &c.

Then like a valiant soldier,
 Come help to form our line ;
 Each day you will be bolder,
 Each year more bright will shine.

Come burnish up your armour ;
 Come to the muster ; come,
 And leave your serpent charmer,
 To sound the temperance drum.
 Then let the trumpet's sound, &c.

TEMPERANCE ANTHEM.

"Glorious Apollo."

BY EDWIN HERRIOT, ESQ.

Glorious memorial of our blest vocation,
 Thy spacious halls are an emblem of its praise.

Glorious memorial of our blest vocation,
Cho. Thy spacious halls are an emblem of its praise.

Bright Monument of a great Reformation,
 Here from this shrine our voices we raise ;
 Now dedicating altars all awaiting,
 Sing we in harmony cold water's praise.

Now dedicating altars all awaiting,
Cho. Sing we in harmony cold water's praise.
 Cold water's praise, cold water's praise,
Cho. Cold water's praise, cold water's praise.

Here every noble sentiment awaking,
 Music inspiring unity and joy.

Here every noble sentiment awaking,
Cho. Music inspiring unity and joy.

Each social pleasure, giving and partaking,
 Glee and good humour our hours employ ;
 Now dedicating altars all awaiting,
 Sing we in harmony cold water's praise.

Now dedicating altars all awaiting,
Cho. Sing we in harmony cold water's praise.
 Cold water's praise, cold water's praise,
Cho. Cold water's praise, cold water's praise.

AIR—"Ole Joe sat by de garden gate."

Just try, &c., &c.

I like to hear where'er I go,
 A young man's brave determined No !
 That word is truth's all powerful blow,
 To lay corrupting error low.

Just try, &c., &c.

Learn, learn, learn to say No ;
 It will crown you with glory wherever you go ;
 A hero's soul must throb below
 A heart that can bravely answer, No !

Learn to say No !

To a glass or so,

There's every harm in a glass you know.
 And so we've signed the temperance pledge ;

And now where'er we go,

We tell them we are staunch teetotallers,
 And always answer, No !

THE MORNING OF FREEDOM.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *The Angel's Whisper.*"

The morning is breaking !

The nations are waking !

The sounds of rejoicing are heard o'er the sea !

The slave starts with wonder ;

His bonds rent asunder :—

For the nations are hymning the songs of the *Free*.

From steeple to basement

Spread tones of amazement ;

The tocsin of triumph, the harping of glee :

And the wail of the tyrant

Cheers on the aspirant ;

Whose noble soul pants to be found with the *Free*.

From the crest of the mountain ;

The marge of the fountain ;

From altar or temple, wherever they be !

Each flower of the forest,—

Thou young bird that soarest,

Re-echoes the pantings of those that are *Free*

The sceptre may shiver !
 Old time like a river
 May flow o'er the place where the proud nobles be :
 But dying, no never,
 Uprising for ever,
 Shall flow like a river the sounds of the *Free*.

THE OLD IRON HAMMER.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *Jenny Jones*."

The soldier may boast of his grandeur and glory,
 And tell of the thunders that rolled o'er the field ;
 He may hold up his weapon, all dripping and gory,
 And sing of the splendours that shone on his shield :
 But we have no battle-song, breathing of clamour ;
 We hold up no weapon all dripping with gore !
 So a song for the hammer, the old iron hammer :
 The hammer shall conquer when swords are no more !

The banner may fan it, the trumpet before it
 May bray forth its praises with loud brazen breath ;
 But we will but sing of the death-shadows o'er it,
 Its pathway of ruin, of danger, and death :
 While the soldier, besworded, may lift up the banner,
 We'll tell him the blacksmith must glory restore.
 So a song for the hammer, the old iron hammer :
 The hammer shall conquer when swords are no more.

Round the forge in the village the blacksmiths are
 singing ;
 A hammer is fashioned,—lo ! there, where it lies :
 In the far distant forest the anvils are ringing ;
 On the waste and the desert the proud cities rise.
 Thou ancient truth-bringer, thou mighty world-tamer,
 Great symbol of labour, triumphant once more !
 All hail to the hammer ! the old iron hammer !
 The hammer shall conquer when swords are no more.

THE ENGLISH FAIRIES.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *The Wishing Gate.*"

You've heard of the fairies, whose tricky feet
 Would dance in the shade of the moonbeam sweet ;
 Who led the wanderer from his way,
 By a light like a taper's trembling ray :
 They cheated the maid with a foolish dream ;
 They pinch'd the clown, and they sour'd the cream.
 But oh, there are fairies, wherever they dwell,
 Far worse ;—if you listen the tale I'll tell.

Young Harry had promis'd that he would wait
 Till Jenny could come to the garden gate ;
 Poor Jenny was there, but sad to tell,
 Young Harry was safe at the sign of the Bell ;
 With a frothing mug, and a yard of clay,
 He sat till the night had waned to day.
 Sad is the tale I'm call'd to tell,—
 He lost a wife where the fairies dwell.

There was Dick the blacksmith, I've been told,
 Had hoarded a nice little lump of gold ;
 And he went on his way, his gold to spend
 On a snug little cot where his days might end :
 A fairy contrived to hinder the sale,
 By melting the cot in a glass of ale.
 Sad as it seems, it's the truth I tell,—
 He lost his house where the fairies dwell.

Patty was pretty, and blythe, and young,
 Had a well-favour'd face, and a good-temper'd tongue,
 And Frank, the teetotaller, went to say
 A thousand kind things to fair Patty one day :
 Oh ! just as he entered the cottage within,
 Some fairy gave Patty a glass of neat gin.
 Another sad tale I'm called to tell,—
 Young Frank hurried off from the gin-drinking belle.

Beware of the fairies, they dance here still,
 But not 'neath the beam of the moonlit hill ;
 Their pranks they play where the glass is seen,
 Like a tempting elf, on the village green ;
 They paint the nose of a purple hue,
 They pimple the face,—make the lights burn blue ;
 And, sad is the tale I'm called to tell,—
 Beggars are made where the fairies dwell.

SPRING IS COMING.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *Life let us cherish.*"

Spring is coming,
 Laden with blossoms !
 With joy in our bosoms,
 We hail the smiling spring.
 The hedge-rows teem with smiling May,
 The violets peep to greet the day,
 The fields are sheen beneath the ray,
 The young birds spread the wing.
 Spring is coming !
 Birds flit by on golden wing ;
 Our bosoms are throbbing
 To hail the smiling spring.
 Spring is coming,
 Laden with blossoms !
 With joy in our bosoms
 We hail the smiling spring.
 Spring is coming
 To bless the hand of labour !
 With every working neighbour
 We hail the dawning spring.
 Around our cot young flow'rets twine,
 The mayflower and the bold woodbine ;
 And hearts and tongues in song combine
 To bless the coming spring.

Spring is coming,
 Laden with blossoms !—&c., &c.

Spring is coming !
 Lo ! the world is waking,
 The first green buds are breaking ;
 Hope spreads her fairy wing ;
 The warrior's sword is sheathing,
 And freedom's garland wreathing ;
 In virtue's holy breathing
 We hail the world's new spring.

Spring is coming,
 Laden with blossoms !—&c., &c.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *Merrily, merrily o'er the Sea.*"

The will is all, the will we say,
 The will, will always find a way ;
 Through rough or smooth, through gloom or gay,
 The will must always find a way.
 Care's a knave that runs away ;
 Fear despairs of brighter day ;
 Will can always find a way !

What though the forest be dark and high,
 Gloomy the path and black the sky ;
 What though the night shuts out the day,
 And frightful shadows round us stray.
 Care's a knave,—&c.

What though the armed legions wait
 To crush us in our low estate ;
 Their banners flaunting, new and gay,
 Whilst ours like tattered streamers play.
 Care's a knave,—&c.

What though the torch, obscured awhile,
 Leave not a ray of light to smile ;
 While from its quench'd or hidden ray,
 A thousand reptiles rush to slay.
 Care's a knave,—&c.

'Tis not the way that makes the will,—
 The seeing oft are blind men still ;
 But e'en in blindness faith can say,
 I have a will can force a way !

Care's a knave,—&c.

A will to cowards never came ;
 It pants in true brave souls, a flame ;
 And through the wood or old rock grey,
 It burns and paves a glorious way.

Care's a knave,—&c.

Since sailors o'er the wilding wave ;
 Since freedom's bold immortal brave ;
 Since martyrs at the stake could say,
 Our ashes pave a deathless way !

Care's a knave,—&c.

Like them I'll do, like them I'll dare,
 An honest, fearless front I'll wear ;
 And for the truth, in this, my day,
 By this strong *will* I'll find my way.

Care's a knave that runs away ;

Fear despairs of brighter day ;

Will can always find a way !

A LAMENT FOR GOOD OLD TIMES.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *The King of the Cannibal Islands.*"

Let's mourn, because old times are gone,
 The good old times, for ever flown,
 When a man's soul was scarce his own :—

Those glorious times are over.

When king, and church, and lords had sway,
 And war and drink maintained their day,
 And slaves did work, while rogues did play,

All the country over.

CHORUS.—Oh, the times, the good old times !
 Merrily fell the old church chimes :

But the good old times were hard old times,

All the country over.

The good old times, the dark old days,
Before these modern reading ways
Of books, and schools, and canting praise,

All the country over :

A fight upon the village green ;
A nice bull-baiting might be seen,—
But schools now darken all the scene,
From John O'Groat's to Dover.

CHORUS.—Oh, the times, &c.

The good old times of beer and ale,
When every man could drain a pail,
Alas ! that I should tell the tale,
Those glorious days are over !

Degenerate days ! I tell you true,
The best drink but a quart or two,
Teetotal men you now may view

All the country over.

CHORUS.—Oh, the times, the good old times !
When drinking hid a thousand crimes :
But the drinking times were hard old times,
All the country over.

The good old times of good Queen Bess,
That dear and ancient mightiness,
Who daily took a thumping mess
Of beef, and brawn, and porter ;
Who cuff'd her nobles where they stood,
And shed whole butts of human blood,
And, for her people's special good,
Consigned the saints to slaughter.

CHORUS.—Oh, the times, &c.

The good old times of glorious war,
Better than these dull times by far ;
We are too thick here as we are,
From John O'Groat's to Dover ;
Oh how delightful it would be,
If half of our large family
Were sent to fight across the sea,
That we might live in clover.

CHORUS.—Oh the times, &c.

Dissenters now have all their way ;
 But oh, there was a happy day,
 When if they did not bow to pray
 As England's law disposes,
 They might be made to pay the debt,
 Within the pillory to sit,
 Lose all their fortunes, or have slit
 Their nonconformist noses.

CHORUS.—Oh the times, &c.

Well, they are gone, those days of yore !
 Alas ! and will they come no more ?
 The good old times, so hale and hoar,
 They really must be over.

Then I had better stump away,
 And keep up to my modern day,
 Rather than have my friends to say
 Poor man his days are over !

CHORUS.—But oh, the times, the good old times !
 Merrily fell the old church chimes ;
 But the good old times were hard old times,
 From John O'Groat's to Dover.

THE PATRIOT BAND.

JAMES REWCASTLE.

AIR—"Death of Nelson."

Arouse ye patriot band,
 To free fair Britain's land
 From the destroyer's powers.
 Intemperance—England's foe—
 Is spreading waste and woe
 Through this loved land of ours.
 Arouse ye, then, ye patriot band,
 Join heart to heart, and hand to hand,
 To rescue home and beauty ;
 And let this be your watchword, then,—
 England expects that Temperance men
 This day will do their duty.

This God-like warfare wage,
 With all your powers engage,
 To put the tyrant down.
 If you have faith in *right*,
 By virtue of its might,
 The victory is your own ;
 For truth and right your panoply,
 Invincible in fight you'll be,
 To rescue home and beauty.
 On to the charge—your war-cry, then—
 England expects that Temperance men
 This day will do their duty.

Our country's cause demands
 Our heads, our hearts, our hands,
 All we can give and have.
 As men and Britons true,
 We would appeal to you,
 Your dearest rights to save ;
 The path to moral glory's plain,
 We shall purge out pollution's stain,
 And rescue home and beauty ;
 And shout aloud the victory—when
 England has proved that Temperance men
 Have nobly done their duty.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

MARY HOWITT

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said a Spider to a Fly ;
 "It's the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy ;
 You've only got to pop your head just inside of the door ;
 You'll see so many curious things you never saw before.

Will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Walk into my parlour ?
 Will you, will you, will you, will you,
 Walk in, Mr. Fly ?"

"Will you grant me one sweet kiss?" said the Spider to the Fly,—

"To taste you're charming lips, I've a cu-ri-o-si-ty."
Said the Fly, "If once our lips did meet, a wager I would lay,

Of ten to one, you would not after let them come away."

Will you, will you ? &c,

"If you won't kiss, will you shake hands?" said the Spider to the Fly,

"Before you leave me to myself, to sorrow and to sigh?"
Says the Fly, "There's nothing handsome unto you belongs—

I declare you should not touch me with a pair of tongs."

Will you, will you ? &c.

What handsome wings you've got," said the Spider to the Fly;—

"If I had such a pair, I in the air would fly!
'Tis useless all my wishing, and only idle talk;
You can fly up in the air, while I'm obliged to walk,"

Will you, will you ? &c.

"For the last time now I ask you, will you walk in, pretty Fly?"

"No, if I do, may I be shot—I'm off, so now good by."
Then up he springs—but both his wings were in the web caught fast;

The Spider laughed, "Ha! ha! my boy, I've caught you safe at last."

Will you, will you ? &c.

"And pray how are you now?" said the Spider to the Fly,—

"You fools will never wisdom get, unless you dearly buy."

'Tis vanity that ever makes repentance come too late,
‡ you who into cobwebs run surely deserve your fate!

Will you, will you ? &c.

Now all young men take warning by this foolish little
 Fly;
 Pleasure is the spider that to catch you fast will try,
 And altho' you may be thinking that advice is quite a
 bore,
 You're lost if you stand parleying outside of pleasure's
 door.

Will you, will you ? &c.

SOCIAL MEETINGS.

Air—" *Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut.*"

Oh, Willie brew'd—it was na maut,
 And Rob and Allen came to pree ;
 Three blyther hearts that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na daft, we're na that daft,
 But just a crotchet in our brain,—
 That joy and mirth are pure of birth,
 And pleasure is not linked with pain.

Here are we met,—three merry boys ;
 Three merry boys I trow are we,
 And mony an eve we've happy been,
 And mony more we hope to be.

We are na daft, &c.

The moon that blinks aboon the hill,
 Smiles on our homeward path to-night,
 And minds us that beside our hearth
 We'll meet a smile as pure and bright.

We are na daft, &c.

Whae'er in life neglects his wife,
 A waefu', wrangfu' man is he ;
 Wha maist can share her every care,
 He is the king amongst us three.

We are na daft, &c.

HAIL, SMILING HEARTH!

AIR—" *Hail, Smiling Morn !* "

Hail, smiling hearth ! that sheds a genial glow,
 When night's dark finger shuts the gates of day ;
 Who the bright face of wife and child doth shew,
 At whose bright presence sorrow flies away.

AIDS TO VIRTUE.

J. REWCASTLE.

AIR—" *O' a' the airts the wind can blow.* "

Of all the aids to virtue's cause,
 Teetotal I like best ;
 For, while its own great work proceeda,
 It kindly helps the rest ;
 It aids the cause of man's advance,
 Whate'er the mode may be,
 To moral worth—or mental power,
 Or manly piety.
 But this, its highest, chiefest claim,
 Demands the loftiest praise :
 It helps a man to help himself,
 By virtue's temperate ways.

It saves the intemperate in his course
 Of drunken revelry ;
 Awakes him to a proper sense
 Of his high destiny.
 It stays the moderate in the path
 That lures to drunkenness,
 And tells him of a surer way
 To social happiness.
 But this, its highest, &c.

It gives to youth the glow of health,
 Gives dignity to age ;
 Inspires men's hearts with mighty deeds,
 And prompts them to engage.

And man with men, in life's great end,
 Are firmly bound in one ;
 And man stands forth, what Heaven designed,
 Her free and noble son.
 But this, its highest, &c.

It gives to science and to truth
 The mind's pure energy,
 To search the secret, hidden depths
 Of true philosophy ;
 It speeds the gospel's onward course,
 At home,—and foreign climes ;
 Makes light the path, and straight the road
 To brighter, better times.
 But this, its highest, chiefest claim,
 Demands the loftiest praise :
 It helps a man to help himself,
 By virtue's temperate ways.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *Jeanette and Jeannot.*"

There's a twinkling taper burns in the cottage by the
 lane,
 Where Robert's wife is watching.—Will her Robert
 come again ?
 The bloom has left her cheek, and the lustre left her
 eye—
 Whence the tear oft trickles down for the happy days
 gone by ;
 When the children are in bed, and the neighbours sound
 at rest,
 Then she chaunts a bitter song to lull the aching of
 her breast :—
 " Oh ! would that those who break our hearts and drive
 us to despair,
 Could feel the woe the drunkard's wife and helpless
 children share !"

A witness, yet in vain—the w
 e had reached his grave, how
 there was on his lips, and a fi
 at there his widow listens still
 at night sheaves above his
 her rest.

Oh, how shall his murder

And yet his heart is broken and
 he would not see the bitter w
 share.

He sits beside his grave,

With the hope darling that she
 will

As he looks down the day for th
 at

While yet, poor loves, but lit
 never be near.

It is one and loneliness night, w
 alone.

W—how ~~the~~ ~~anger~~ ~~in~~ ~~so~~ ~~the~~ ~~and~~ ~~b~~
 one.

She ~~is~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~Ph.~~ ~~would~~ ~~that~~ ~~they~~ ~~w~~
 the ~~same~~.

Could ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~bitter~~ ~~w~~
 share.

THE RUSSET WHICH HUNG

AND A WOODWOMAN

AND—*Madrigal*

There was a day long ago the days
 When the recollection presents to
 The ~~memory~~ the memory the deep
 And yet which my infan

She watches, but in vain—he will never come again;
 He has floated to his grave, down the river in the glen;
 A curse was on his lips, and a fire was in his brain;
 And there his widow listens till the footfall comes again.
 Next morn she raves above his shell, and wildly beats
 her breast,
 And cries, “ Oh, shall his murderers to-night in slumber
 rest,
 While my sad heart is broken and driven to despair?
 Oh, could they feel the bitter woe I and my orphans
 share!”

As she bends beside his grave, where his body lies at
 rest,
 With the little darling that she lov'd a-sleeping on his
 breast;
 As she labours thro' the day for the bread her babes must
 eat,
 While they, poor loves, but little know how hardly
 comes the meat,
 In the lone and darksome night, when she feels herself
 alone,
 Without one tongue to soothe and bless in love's confiding
 tone,
 She sighs, “ Oh, would that they who drove my heart to
 this despair,
 Could feel the woe, the bitter woe, I and my babies
 share!

THE BUCKET WHICH HUNG O'ER THE WELL.

REV. S. WOODWORTH.

AIR—“ *Maid of Llangollan.*”

How dear to my heart are the days of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents to my view
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood
 And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew;

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood
near it ;

The bridge, and the rock, where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung o'er the well—

The old oaken bucket,

The iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hung o'er the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure ;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature could yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

The old oaken bucket,

The iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As pois'd on the curb, it inclined to my lips !
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from that situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung o'er the well.

The old oaken bucket,

The iron-bound bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hung o'er the well.

WE'RE ALL TEETOTAL.

AIR—" *The good old days of Adam and Eve.*"

This age is better than all past ages ;
We've better morals than Grecian sages ;
We appear quite new, tho' it seems queer
For vice and crime to disappear.
What love and peace becomes our joy, then
All happiness without alloy, then :

No more for ale our goods we'll barter,
But quench our thirst in good spring water.

Hurrah! my lads, we're all teetotal!

We'll have it pure from nature's bottle.

How oft have you and I been squalling!

How oft when drunk have we been bawling

Roaring out threats in oral thunder

To put the Whigs and Tories under!

How oft, when drunk, reformed the nation,

Put lords and dukes in their right station!

For men when drunk their rights will barter;

They'll hold them best when drinking water.

Hurrah! my lads, &c.

We're taxed at large—in every station;

The malt-tax must have vexed the nation;

Some people think it mighty queer

That they should lay a tax on beer;

Some thought reform must mend the matter,

The *Russell Purge* made quite a clatter;

But we, my lads, have shown no quarter,

We've burked them both by drinking water.

Hurrah! my lads, &c.

Poor publicans! why, how you tremble!

Your trade is doomed—I don't dissemble;

Your pretty signs, the Ox, the Lion,

The Bear, and Swan, are gone, or flying;

The Crown is torn among the people,

The Ship is placed upon the steeple,

The Sun is *set*, the Stars are falling;

For water will settle your wretched calling.

Hurrah! my lads, &c.

Now see how men in lowly station,

Are anxious to reform the nation,

To do their utmost good instanter,

From the high churchman to the ranter.

Then may our cause spread and flourish;

The drunkard's drink may die or perish;

Teetotalism, be this our charter,

To fly from grog and take to water.

Hurrah! my lads, &c.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming.
 Cannon balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger ;
 We'll win our battles by its aid ;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 The pen shall supersede the sword,
 And right, not might, shall be the lord,
 In the good time coming.
 Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
 And be acknowledged stronger ;
 The proper impulse has been given ;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 War in all men's eyes shall be
 A monster of iniquity,
 In the good time coming.
 Nations shall not quarrel then
 To prove which is the stronger ;
 Nor slaughter men for glory's sake ;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 Hateful rivalries of creed
 Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
 In the good time coming.
 Religion shall be shorn of pride,
 And flourish all the stronger ;
 And charity shall trim her lamp ;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 And a poor man's family
 Shall not be his misery,
 In the good time coming.
 Every child shall be a help
 To make his right arm stronger ;
 The happier he, the more he has ;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 Little children shall not toil,
 Under or above the soil,
 In the good time coming ;
 But shall play in healthful fields,
 Till limbs and mind grow stronger ;
 And every one shall read and write ;—
 Wait a little longer.

[There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 They shall pledge eternal hate
 With all that can intoxicate,
 In the good time coming ;
 They shall use and not abuse,
 And make all virtue stronger ;
 The reformation has begun ;—
 Wait a little longer.]

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 Let us aid it all we can,
 Every woman, every man,
 The good time coming.
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger ;
 'Twill be strong enough one day ;—
 Wait a little longer.

SONG OF THE REFORMED.

J. REWCASTLE.

AIR—" *Gee, wo, Dobbin !*"

We once ran the course of the drunkard's career,
 And to tell of the change we make bold to come here ;
 To tell *how* we FEEL—and to tell *what* we THINK,—
 And to tell *how* we DO, since we gave up the drink.

CHORUS.—And sign'd the teetotal,
 Quit landlord and bottle—
 And keep but one house, and that house is our own.

To tell *how* we FEEL—why, language would fail ;
 Words cannot express the reform'd drunkard's tale ;
 For when a man ceases to the tavern to roam,
 What delights then encircle the working man's home !
 When he's signed teetotal, &c.

But to tell *what* we THINK, it is easier far ;
 We think that the Jerry Lords' trade we will mar ;
 We think, if the moderate would just drop their drinking,
 We would do it quite easy—as easy as winking,
 If they'd sign teetotal, &c.

We think, that religion's God's great gift to man ;
 We think, that it's helped by the teetotal plan ;
 We think, its professors should no more oppose,
 But help us the *beer* shops and *grog* shops to close,
 By signing teetotal, &c.

To tell *what* we DO it is easier still,
 For we find with our own we may do what we will,
 If we keep but our hard-earned cash in our hands,
 We find every one ready to do our commands,
 Since we sign'd teetotal, &c.

Our wives wear their own dress, our children their clothes,
 We no more buy landladies silk gowns and hose ;
 We no more buy landlords fine coats to their back ;
 But just dress ourselves in the best blue or black,
 Since we sign'd teetotal, &c.

Our wives no more buy up the scrag-ends and bones,—
 Beneath a good sirloin our own table groans ;
 And it looks quite as well as it e'er looked before,
 When it went to the house with the sign at the door ;
 Since we sign'd Teetotal, &c.

We've found out the secret what *fools' pence* can do,
 But make it no secret, and tell it to you ;
 We've health now, and wealth now, and joys without end,
 Since we've found out Teetotal's the Working Man's
 Friend.

By signing Teetotal, &c.

We do our work better, be it hot work or cold,
 Be we workers in iron, brass, silver, or gold ;
 Be it out-work, or in-work,—by land or by sea,
 It is easier and better—whatever it be,
 Since we sign'd Teetotal, &c.

Now from our plain tale—the moral is plain,
 It would be for your good were you all to abstain.
 It has answered for us—and 'twill answer for you ;
 And then you can come, and tell us how you do,
 Since you sign'd Teetotal, &c.

THE STUDENT IN LONDON.

BY T. MACHIN.

AIR—" *The Bay of Biscay.*"

It was in dark November,
 One cold and foggy night,—
 The link-boys, I remember,
 Supplied their lurid light ;
 When we the Student found
 Full length upon the ground,
 Where he lay—floored, they say,
 By the might of Whisky O.

We rais'd him from the gutter,
 And for policemen sent,
 Who put him on a shutter,
 And to the lock-up went ;
 They stretch'd him on the floor,
 (And son'rous he did snore,)
 Where he lay till next day,
 Through the might of Whisky O.

Through crowds he next was hurried,
 T' appear before the Mayor;
 He looked confoundedly flurried,
 And folks did at him stare.
 With grave and solemn frown,
 The Bench fined him a crown,
 Which that day he did pay,
 Through the might of Whisky O.

Again at night we saw him,
 With flannels round his head ;
 The counterpane was o'er him ;
 He own'd himself half dead ;
 His head with aches ajar,
 His throat sore with catarrh,—
 There he lay—till next day,
 Through the might of Whisky O.

The landlady, with gruel,
 By his bedside stood !
 Remonstrance then was cruel,
 For tears pour'd in a flood ;
 But light broke on his mind,
 The Total Pledge he sign'd—
 From that day, ne'er to play
 With the might of Whisky O.

THE STREAMLET.

W. P. BURNET.

AIR—"*Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane.*"

Let Bacchanals boast in their frenzied dreaming,
 Of wine, when like rubies, deep-sparkling 'tis seen ;
 Far brighter, and clearer, the silver stream gleaming
 Through yonder sweet trellis of willows so green.

Then fill me the goblet at yon crystal streamlet,
 That playful meanders adown the green lea ;
 To temp'rance and friendship I'll willingly teem it,
 And may they be ever held sacred by me.

The toper drinks deep, of his wine-cup unsparing,
 To cure him of sadness, of care, and of spleen !
 Ah ! " wine is a mocker !" a meteor false glaring ;
 Its pleasures are madness,—its virtues—a gleam.
 But, list to that streamlet, so calm and translucid,
 How gently its murmurings fall on the ear,—
 'Tis nature's own cordial—sweet—pure—and pellucid ;
 Imparted to all, to refresh, and to cheer.

Sweet streamlet, while onwards thy journey pursuing,
 Thou scatt'rest profusion and beauty around ;
 Thy clear glossy bosom soft zephyrs are wooing,
 Thy margin with verdure and wild flowers is crown'd :—
 While the silvery-fringed willow bends low in devotion,
 And gracefully worships thy feathery spray,
 Still calmly wend on in thy course to the ocean,
 Thy bounties dispensing to all by the way.

And as the poor drunkard, in revelry's madness,
 Still dissipates character, comfort, and health ;
 May the children of temperance hail thee with gladness,
 And draw from thy wavelets refreshment and health.
 Then while down the rough tide of time they are sailing,
 Eternity's fathomless ocean their bound,
 May they, like thyself, persevering,—unfailing,—
 Spread beauty, and blessing, and glory around.

STREAMS OF PURE WATER.

WM. LYLE.

AIR—" *Roast Beef of Old England.*"

When Adam, the first of our ill-doing race,
 Was sent into Eden, that beautiful place,
 He drank of pure water, and thought no disgrace
 To drink of the streams of pure water,
 drink of the pure water streams.

The whisky may stir up your fancy awhile,
 But there's stuff in a glass all your visions to spoil;
 And he that would still have his face wear a smile,
 Must drink of the streams of pure water,
 Must drink of the pure water streams.

Had Noah drank water when wine was his fare,
 He had not been laughed at, as people declare;
 But wine he would have, and more than his share,
 He cared not for springs of pure water,
 He cared not for pure water springs.

So good people, now, it is plain to be seen,
 As the boys say that live in old Erin the green,
 "That lumps of misfortune are kegs of poteen,"
 But joy is in streams of pure water,
 But joy is in pure water streams.

Then here's to pure water, the life of the land,
 On honour's bright bosom it ne'er laid a brand,
 And we, while it circles our dear rocky strand,
 Will sing of the streams of pure water,
 Will sing of the pure water streams.

The flowers love the dew, and the fields love the rain,
 For by them we live, so their loving is plain;
 Then let us sing while we cut down the grain,
 Hurrah for the streams of pure water!
 Hurrah for the pure water streams!

THE CONQUERORS ARE COMING.

AIR—"Mourir pour la Patrie."

E. P. H.

The conquerors are coming,
 But not thro' fields of gore;
 They hasten thro' the ages dark,
 The bright times to restore;
 CHO.—They shall conquer east and west,
 Clothe with bloom earth's barren breast;
 The sabbath-time of holy rest
 Shall return to earth once more.

The press ! its magic letters,
 A sheet of fire shall play—
 Shall snap the bondsman's fetters,
 And cast each link away.

CHO.—It shall conquer east and west ;
 Shall pierce the tyrant's jewell'd vest ;
 The sabbath-time of holy rest
 Shall return to earth once more.

We launch the mighty steamer,
 To plough the distant seas,
 And pure her bloodless streamer
 Shall greet the western breeze.

CHO.—She shall conquer east and west ;
 Trade shall rear her crowned crest ;
 The sabbath-time of holy rest
 Shall return to earth once more.

And woman, smiling woman !
 Our best evangel comes ;
 Her power no longer shadowed,—
 The angel of our homes.

CHO.—She shall conquer east and west ;
 Woman's reign shall be the best ;
 The sabbath-time of holy rest
 Shall return to earth once more.

The pledge, that royal charter,
 Unrolls its great archives ;
 Ten thousand men new wakened,
 With freedom in their lives,—

CHO.—They shall conquer east and west ;
 Clothing with bloom earth's barren breast ;
 The sabbath-time of holy rest
 Shall return to earth once more.

The black-wing'd raven mutters
 Its croakings from the tree ;
 The gaunt hyena utters
 Its yell of agony ;

CHO.—But the conquerors, east and west,
 Onward urge their holy quest ;
 The sabbath-time of holy rest
 Shall return to earth once more.

The conquerors are coming,
 But not through fields of gore ;
 They hasten thro' the gloaming,
 The glory to restore.

CHO.—They shall conquer east and west ;
 Clothe with bloom earth's barren breast ;
 The sabbath-time of holy rest
 Shall return to earth once more.

A HAPPY OLD AGE.

(FOR YOUNG FOLKS.)

AIR—“ *Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue.*”

E. P. H.

I should like to be old, like our good father Lee,
 That hale and good-temper'd old man,
 Whose face is so hearty and cheery to see,
 And who lives on the Temperance plan ;
 Whose heart is so kind, and whose words are so sage,
 And who jokes with us all that he can ;
 So as I want to live to a hearty old age,
 Then I'll be a Temperance Man.

There's old uncle Robert, a crusty old soul,
 Sits sipping his brandy and ale ;
 He's always so cross, with his pipe and his bowl,
 When he speaks, why, he makes us turn pale ;
 Why, he cannot be happy, and that I'll engage—
 Who that makes others unhappy can ?
 So as I want to live to a happy old age,
 Then I'll be a Temperance Man.

I should like for a hearty old man to be known,
 And not lean for each step on my staff ;
 And if gout and old palsy should ever come on,
 To flourish them off with a laugh.
 Good-temper'd, and free from all folly and rage,
 Not lifeless, and woeful, and wan ;
 So as I want to live to a happy old age,
 Then I'll be a Temperance Man.

COURTSHIP OF MR. WILL AND MISS WAY.

AIR—"Rory O'More."

E. P. H.

Did you ever hear tell how a laddie call'd Will
 Went courting Miss Way that liv'd over the hill ?
 Her eyes they were bright, and her features were fair,
 But her heart was for ever embarrassed with fear ;
 Till this laddie so brave took her under his care,
 And he laugh'd while she shivered, and answered, my
 dear,
 Never mind the rough journey, the wind, or the hill,
 If you'll give me your Way, why, I'll give you my Will.

Chorus.—So blythe was the morning, and bright shone
 the day,
 When the gallant young Will went a courting
 Miss Way ;
 And though ages have past, yet the proverb
 holds still ;
 She had died an old maid but for brave Mr. Will.

She told him she liked to be perfectly sure,
 She knew that her courage could never endure ;
 The way was so rough, and the path was so long,
 She fear'd that he might lead her into the wrong ;
 She fear'd he was daring, and reckless, and bold,—
 He would plunge through the forest by night, she'd
 been told.

Then gaily he laugh'd for he loved her,—but still
 Said he, give me the Way, and I'll give you the Will.

Chorus.—Yes, blythe was the morning.

Mr. Will he was bold, and heroic, and brave ;
 He would cut thro' a mountain, or skim o'er a wave ;
 And Miss Way was so cautious, and moved with such care,
 Don't you think they would make a most beautiful
 pair ?

Let us picture the wedding, and then let us see
 How a couple like this found their tempers agree :
 But now and for ever, we'll hold to it still,

Miss Way would be useless without Mr. Will.

Chorus.—Yes, blythe was the morning.

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY.

AMERICAN.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

Shall e'er cold water be forgot,
 When we sit down to dine ?
 Oh, no, my friends, for is it not
 Pour'd out by hands divine ?
 Pour'd out by hands divine, my friends,
 Pour'd out by hands divine ;
 From springs and wells it gushes forth,
 Pour'd out by hands divine.

To beauty's cheek, (though strange it seems,
 'Tis not more strange than true,)
 Cold water, tho' itself so pale,
 Imparts the rosiest hue.
 Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends,
 Imparts the rosiest hue ;
 Yes, beauty in a water-pail
 Doth find her rosiest hue.

Cold water, too, (though wonderful,
 'Tis not less true, again)—
 The weakest of all earthly drinks,
 Doth make the strongest men.
 Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
 Doth make the strongest men ;
 Then let us take that weakest drink,
 And grow the strongest men.

I've seen the bells of tulips turn,
 To drink the drops that fell
 From summer clouds ;—then why should not
 The two lips of a belle ?
 The two lips of a belle, my friends,
 The two lips of a belle ?
 What sweetens more than water pure
 The two lips of a belle ?

The sturdy oak full many a cup
 Doth hold up to the sky,
 To catch the rain ; then drinks it up,
 And thus the oak *gets high* :
 'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
 'Tis thus the oak gets high ;
 By having water in its cups,
 Then why not you and I ?

Then let cold water armies give
 Their banners to the air ;
 So shall the boys like oaks be strong,
 The girls like tulips fair ;
 The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
 The girls like tulips fair ;
 The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,
 The girls like tulips fair.

THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.

AIR—" *Shades of Evening.*"

Shades of sorrow, close not o'er me !
 Leave, oh, leave me yet awhile !
 Nought but woe I see before me—
 Woe unsoothed by hope's soft smile.
 Oh ! how fain would memory linger
 Round the scenes of happier years !
 But despair, with cruel finger,
 Points to nought save bitter tears.

Where are now the happy faces
 Wont to greet me with delight ?
 Where are those who fill'd the places
 Vacant round my hearth to-night ?
 Gone, alas ! and gone for ever ;
 All my deep regrets are vain ;
 I have cast away what never
 Can return to me again.

Love and hope my home adorning,
 Bathed it in a holy light,—
 Welcome was each rosy morning,
 Welcome each returning night.
 Now—how changed ! in lonely sorrow
 Silent by my hearth I pine,
 Careless of the gloomy morrow,—
 Joy no more on me can shine.

Those who loved me now are sleeping
 In their cold and narrow bed ;
 My remorse—my groans—my weeping—
 Ne'er can wake the unconscious dead.
 But a ray illumines my sadness,—
 Hope as long as life extends,—
 'Tis the pledge ! I'll sign with gladness,
 So despairful anguish ends.

YOU OLD BRANDY BOTTLE.

AIR—" *The Landlord's Pet.* "

You old brandy bottle, I've lov'd you too long,
 You have been a false friend unto me :
 When I met you at first I was healthy and strong,
 And as handsome as handsome could be ;
 I had plenty of cash in my pocket and purse,
 And my cheeks were as red as a rose,
 And the day when I took you for better for worse,
 I'd a beautiful aquiline nose.

But now, only look ! I'm a sight to behold,
 The beauty I boasted has fled ;
 You would think I was nearly a hundred years old,
 When I'm raising my hand to my head ;
 For it trembles and shakes, like the earth when it quakes,
 And I'm always a spilling my tea ;
 And whenever I speak I make awful mistakes,
 Till every one's laughing at me.

The ladies don't love me, and this I can trace
 To the loss of my aquiline nose,—
 Like an overgrown strawberry stuck on my face,
 Still larger and larger it grows.

And I haven't a cent in my pocket or purse,
 And my clothes are all dirty and torn ;
 O, you old brandy-bottle, you've been a sad curse,
 And I wish I had never been born !

You old brandy-bottle, I'll love you no more,
 You've ruined me, body and soul :
 I'll dash you to pieces, and swear from this hour,
 To give up both you and the bowl.
 And I'll now go and sign (I could surely do worse) ;—
 On that pledge all my hopes I repose :
 And I'll get back my money in pocket and purse,
 And I'll get back my beautiful nose !

WILL YOU COME AND SIGN THE PLEDGE.

AIR—" *Will you come to the Bower ?*"

Will you come sing the pledge I now offer to you,
 To drink only water as pure as the dew ?
 Wine may sparkle and glisten as brightly it flows,
 But brighter the dewdrop that shines on the rose.
 Will you, will you, will you, will you, come sign the
 pledge ?

See the rill from the mountain as joyous it gleams,
 Like jewels that shine in the bright sunny beams ;
 'Tis no wonder it dances with joy on its way,
 'Twill surely find welcome where'er it may stray.
 Will you, will you, &c.

O then, who would drink wine when kind Nature has
 given
 A beverage that comes from the bounty of heaven ;
 Like the lily and rose, from the fountain drink free ;
 Away with your wine, and bright water for me.
 Will you, will you, &c.

O ! awake from delusion, poor drunkard awake :
 Draw near to the fountain, and with us partake
 Of its pleasures inviting, so sweet, so divine ;
 'I drink from the fountain, and peace shall be thine.
 Will you, will you, &c.

KING ALCOHOL.

AIR—" *Dame Durden.*"

King Alcohol has many forms

By which he catches men ;

He is a beast of many horns,

And ever thus has been.

There's Rum and Gin, and Beer and Wine,

And Brandy of logwood hue,

And Hock and Port, and Ale combine,

To make a man look blue ;

He says be merry, for here's good Sherry,

And Tom and Jerry, Champaigne and Perry,

And Spirits of every hue ;

Oh ! are not these a fiendish crew,

As ever a mortal knew.

King Alcohol is very sly,

A liar from the first,

He'll make you drink until you're dry,

Then drink because you thirst.

There's Rum and Beer, and Gin and Wine,

And Brandy of logwood hue,

And Hock and Port, and Ale combine,

To make a man look blue ;

O ! are not these a fiendish crew,

As ever a mortal knew ?

King Alcohol has had his day,

His kingdom's crumbling fast,

His votaries are heard to say,

Our drunken days are past.

Nor Rum and Gin, nor Beer and Wine,

Nor Brandy of logwood hue,

Nor Hock and Port, and Ale combine,

To make a man look blue ;

For now they're merry, without their Sherry,

Or Tom and Jerry, Champaigne and Perry,

Or Spirits of ev'ry hue,

And now they are a happy crew,

As ever a mortal knew.

THE SPOTLESS WHITE BANNER.

Arranged to the Pianoforte in exceedingly beautiful Music.

W. P. BURNET.

The spotless white banner of temperance for me,
That proudly waves over the happy and free ;
'Twill guide me to virtue, contentment, and health ;
The emblem of peace, the precursor of wealth.
Its battles are bloodless ; it conquers to raise !
And those it subdues, sing aloud in its praise ;
Then the spotless white banner of temp'rance for me,
That floats in the breeze o'er the sober and free.

The drunkard may boast of his full flowing bowl ;
The *serpent* coiled there may dart death through his soul ;
Moderation may sipper, and sip off his wine,—
His ale, or his porter, and call it divine ;
Till feeling is blunted, and habit is form'd,
He falls, silly man, to a drunkard transform'd ;
But the spotless white hanner of temperance for me,
That flutters aloft o'er the fair and the free.

Its conquests o'er poverty, mis'ry and crime,
Are felt and acknowledged in every clime,
And thousands proclaim to a wondering world
The triumphs achieved since it first was unfurl'd.
The sons of Columbia submit to its sway ;
In Europe, "OLD ERIN" was "born in a day !"
Then the spotless white banner of temperance for me !
And long may it wave o'er the happy and free.

HOME BLESSINGS.

AIR—"Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me ?"

E. P. H.

The winter night raves long and loud,
The sleet and snow drives o'er the moor ;
The ceaseless storm and starless cloud ;
But peace and light within the door.

I pant not for the plated pride ;
 Men buy such comforts all too dear ;
 I would not throw my joys aside,
 For all the worldling's gold and gear.

The fairy flames are warm and bright ;
 They glance about my little room,
 Where every night, on wings of light,
 An hundred blessed angels come.
 My voice in tune, my books beside,—
 Lizz drawing there, my Jane sits here ;
 I would not throw my joys aside,
 For all the worldling's gold and gear.

The sons of wealth and grandeur frown
 On humble scenes of joy like mine,
 But I with pity can look down
 On gay saloons where fashions shine ;
 'Neath gilded roofs they gaily glide—
 But could their hearts but enter here,
 They would not throw their joys aside,
 For all their gold and all their gear.

My heart is sad to think that soon
 A parting hour one day will come ;
 The fireside will be wrapt in gloom,
 One heart be in its widowed home.
 Dear love, whoe'er that fate may bide,
 Condemn'd to drop the harrowing tear,
 We'll never throw these scenes aside,
 For all the rich man's gold or gear.

THE THREE SHIPS.

AIR—" *The Sea King*."

E. P. H.

She has spread abroad her sails,
 Like a vulture o'er the sea,
 To the drifts before the gales,
 While the waves howl at her lee.

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Hark! the horror of each gun !
 O'er the seas her thunders run !
 Death's white horse paws on before,
 Every wavelet tinged with gore !
 'Twas for this her wings she spread,
 Blood-red beak and pinions dread,
 'Tis Death's ocean osiers we see
 Sailing heavily.

She has spread abroad her wings,
 Like an angel o'er the deep,
 And a mighty music rings,
 Though the mermaids are asleep ;
 And her flag of peace shall play
 O'er each coast of night or day ;
 Northern night or southern sun,
 Each shall hail the angel on.
 No grim line of cannons dark ;—
 Doves shall flit about the ark ;—
 Triton's music on her lee ;
 Merrily, merrily.

She has laboured o'er the sea,
 Like a sea-horse in his pride ;
 Did old Neptune stir to see
 How she beat thro' wind and tide ?
 God's great Argo, there is she,
 Iron ! preaching truth at sea !
 She shall bind the hostile bands,
 Bid the east and west shake hands,
 Make the wildest ocean seem
 Like a frith cross'd in a dream ;
 Bearing empires yet to be,
 Steadily, steadily.

OLD KING COAL

AIR—"Tubal Cain."

E. P. H.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
 A merry old soul was he;
 His eye was bright—may its merry light
 Wink always sly on me!
 A rare old fellow is old King Coal,
 For he stands on the cottage floor,
 And princes and barons would all look blue,
 If he came not within their door.

CHO.—Then here's to King Coal, that merry old soul;
 We'll give it with three times three;
 His eye is bright—may its merry light
 Wink always sly on me!

In a dark, dark land, so weird and stern,
 The old King held his throne;
 His pillows were twined by the lady Fern,
 And rear'd on the granite stone;
 And the fossil shells around him lay,
 From the ancient ocean's roll;
 So dark and grim, from the vast sea-spray,
 Was born our old King Coal.

CHO.—Our old King Coal, that merry old soul!
 For a merry old soul is he! &c., &c.

From the forest trees of ancient clime,
 'Mongst the pines of the dark old world,
 In the hoary gleam of the mammoth time,
 Where the waves of the large lakes curl'd,
 With a roar and a shout from the wave and the fire,
 Did they both o'er the vast trees roll,—
 He was born; and for ages, moody and stern,
 There slept our old King Coal.

CHO.—Now old King Coal is a merry old soul, &c., &c.

For old King Coal has left his land,
 A conquering wide and far ;
 The steam-ship is his battle horse,
 The railway train his car ;
 The bell which swings in the steeple high,
 The sword by the soldier's side,
 And the needles which beauty's fingers ply,
 And the crown of the monarch's pride, —

CHO.—They all were shaped by old King Coal,
 What a merry old soul is he! &c., &c.

But most I love this old King Coal,
 For he's a friend to me ;
 He sits between me and my wife,
 When we sit down to tea ;
 And he leers on us both with a roguish eye,
 And he laughs like a dear old soul,
 And embraces us both right royally,
 This neighbourly old King Coal.

CHO.—Then here's to King Coal, that merry old soul!
 We'll give it with three times three !
 His eye is bright—may its roguish light
 For ever wink on me !

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

E. P. H.

AIR—" *The Wonderful Crocodile.*"

Alas! it's true, the day I rue,
 That ever I was born ;
 - rather let me say the day
 met John Barleycorn ;

I met a foe, he laid me low,
Then treated me with scorn.

CHO.—Oh, all young men, take care, take care
Of sly John Barleycorn.

The month was May, the day was gay,
When arm in arm went we ;
And John he seem'd a cosie lad
As ever you might see ;
He wink'd, and laugh'd, and then we quaff'd
From out of his nut-brown horn ;
But now I say, take care, take care
Of sly John Barleycorn.

CHO.—Oh, all, &c.

John soon began to play his pranks,
As wild as any witch,
And when I thought to cross a style,
He tripp'd me in a ditch ;
He made me change my braw new coat,
For his, so ragg'd and torn ;
Yet still I laugh'd, and blythely quaff'd
To sly John Barleycorn.

I don't know how the thing came round,
But ten o'clock one day,
Within a cold and darksome cell
In misery I lay.
I knew not how I enter'd there,
But found that in the morn,
I'd play'd the fool, and been a tool
To bad John Barleycorn.

But once " I brew'd a peck of malt,"
(And Eh ! but it was fine) ;
And John came in to crack a bit,
When I sat down to dine.

The villain never let me rise,
 Till all my senses gone,
 He "fisticufted" both my eyes,
 That bad John Barleycorn.

But what was worse, John was a thief :
 I found that e'en that day
 He took my poke with twenty pounds,
 And stole it right away :
 And when I tax'd him with the theft,
 He gibed me with his scorn ;
 Said I at last, this is too bad
 Of you, John Barleycorn.

John Barleycorn, John Barleycorn,
 Oh, how I rue the day
 You took my bag with twenty pounds,
 And stole it right away ;
 And took my wife's new silken gown ;
 A coat but once I'd worn ;
 And all to pay your horrid debts,
 Oh, vile John Barleycorn.

The next time that he call'd on me,
 As he was wont to do,
 He said he'd stay an hour or so,
 And take a glass or two ;
 He seem'd so grieved for what he'd done,
 And promised such reform,
 I almost drank another glass
 With sly John Barleycorn.

But by there came a strapping chap—
 Said he, let's thrash him well ;
 Let's chain him in a Pledge Book first,
 Then drown him in a well.
 We did ; and then forth from the well
 We fill'd the nut brown horn,
 And oh, the joy I cannot tell.
 We kill'd John Barleycorn.

But oh, young men, whate'er you do;
Touch not *his* nut brown horn;
He'll rob you first, he'll thrash you next,
Then trample you with scorn.
The happiest day I ever spent
Since ever I was born,
Was when to sign the pledge I went
That kill'd John Barleycorn.

FINIS.

